Saturday Review
MARCH 4, 1961 / 25¢

A rebuttal to C. P. Snow:

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHURCHILL'S WARTIME SCIENCE ADVICE

By Sir Robert Watson-Watt
Inventor of Radar

ROBERT E. LEE: THE GUARDIAN ANGEL MYTH

By Marshall Fishwick

SR's ANNUAL SURVEY OF RELIGIOUS BOOKS

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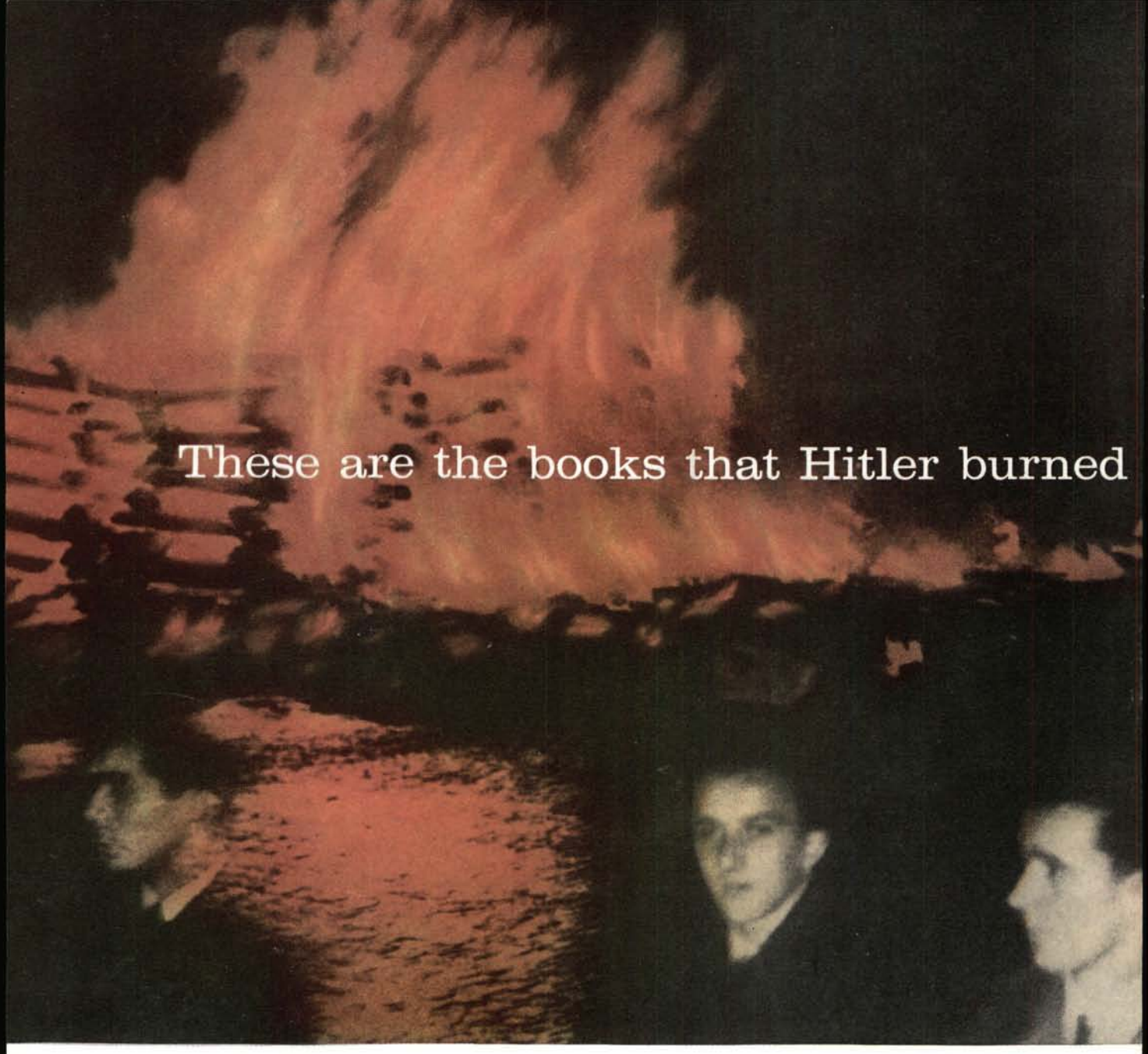

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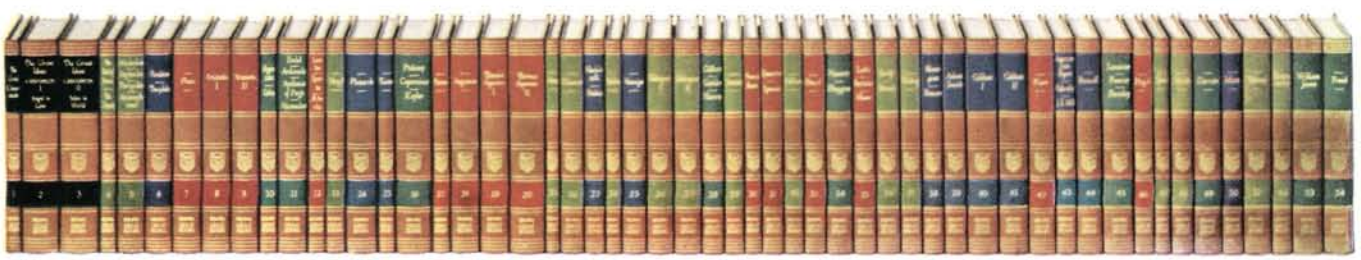

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Keystone Press Agency photograph of the burning of the books, Berlin, May 10, 1933.

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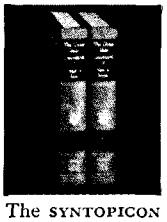

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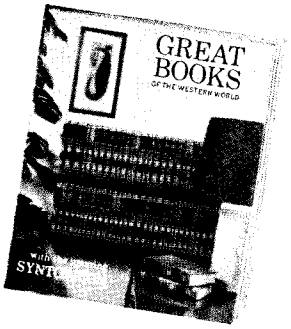

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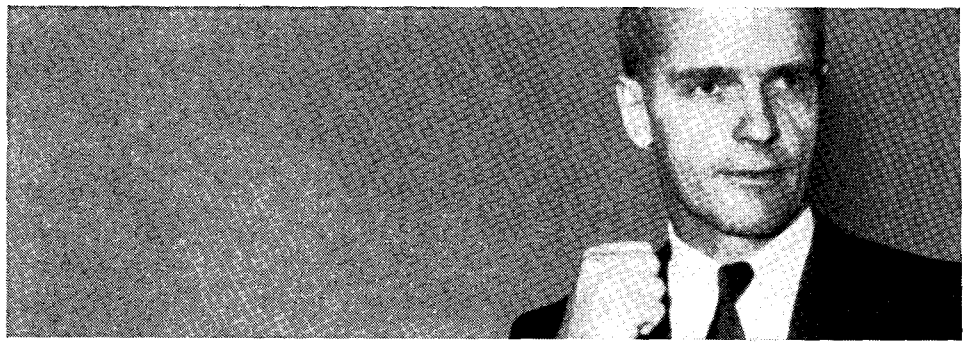

Television: a statement by Senator William Proxmire before U.S. Senate, Jan. 9, 1961:

In the past, I have frequently been a critic of television. There is still too much trivia on the air, in my opinion, especially in the prime evening hours, when the largest potential audiences are able to listen.

But there is another side to this story. In the past few months many of us have become aware of the tremendous job television can do when it aims high. There has been an impressive succession of genuinely outstanding programs. During the national political campaign we had the now historic great debates in which the two presidential candidates met face to face in verbal combat while as many as 80 million viewers looked on. What a magnificent contribution this was to genuine democratic participation in our huge nation. This was an indication of what television can do.

The coverage of the campaign and the election brought more Americans into closer contact with the meaning and excitement of politics than ever before, as the personalities and policies of the candidates and the parties were revealed in painstaking detail. Thanks to television, this was the best informed electorate in my judgment in our history.

On the night of the election, the networks brought the details of the nationwide vote count to an enormous audience that stayed up to watch what surely must have been the most prolonged cliff hanger since the end of "The Perils of Pauline." Other broadcasts have continued this high level of television programming. A moving study of the problem of migratory labor in this country drew wide attention. This program moved many to express their concern to me in many ways. . . . There have been programs on the U-2 affair, on the sit-ins, on the world refugee problem, and on other subjects of equal importance. These programs have had an immense impact on tens of millions of Americans, providing a vast increase in understanding.

I think that one must recognize that the television networks' elbowroom is limited by certain factors. The need to find financial sponsorship for programs among a fairly small number of advertisers inevitably places an over-all restriction on the scope and nature of programming. The established tastes and viewing preferences of most Americans are likely to remain fairly stable. The much-maligned ratings continue to provide a persuasive link between the desire of a potential sponsor to reach a maximum audience, and the nature of the program which will accomplish this with the greatest degree of reliability.

These hard facts of life in the television industry being what they are, it is all the more worth taking time out to praise the networks for putting on a very substantial number of outstanding programs in recent months. The merits of these shows deserve recognition. Those responsible for the broadcasts should be praised and encouraged to continue their working efforts.

During the next few days I intend to place in the Record the actual transcripts of some of these outstanding broadcasts. The bare script of a television broadcast hardly does justice to the total impression achieved by a program, but it may serve as an indication, in permanent form, of how good television can be at its best.

I think it is time that the Congress recognize how this magic medium transforms our democracy. And just in the nick of time. Many of us have feared that the problems of our democracy have been becoming too vast, too remote, and too complicated with the impact of technology shrinking the contact size of a world becoming always more complex with burgeoning population and multiplying independent nations.

Now television has come along and it is at last possible for the great majority of us Americans to develop a far better understanding of our responsibilities, and how massive and challenging a job we face. In many ways American television is beginning to do part of that job.

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In March...Some Programs of Special Interest

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"The Great Challenge"
Distinguished guests discuss challenging issues facing mankind.
Sunday, March 5-12-26 (4-5 PM)

"White Paper"
A study of state legislatures, the powers they possess and assume.
Tuesday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

"Russian Whale Hunt"
A nine-month, 24,000-mile whaling and scientific expedition.
Tuesday, March 14 (7-7:30 PM)

"Young Performers"
Promising young musical artists perform with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.
Sunday, March 19 (4-5 PM)

"Minister of Hate"
Propaganda techniques of Joseph Goebbels. Guest: H. R. Trevor-Roper.
Sunday, March 19 (6:30-7 PM)

"Closing the Ring"
The first "summit" meeting of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, at Teheran in 1943.
Sunday, March 19 (10:30-11 PM)

"24 Hours in a Woman's Life"
Ingrid Bergman stars in Stefan Zweig's story of a woman betrayed by emotion.
Monday, March 20 (9-10:30 PM)

"Our Man in Hong Kong"
A personal report by David Brinkley.
Tuesday, March 21 (10-11 PM)

"The Passover"
History, ritual, and customs of the Jewish celebration of deliverance from bondage.
Sunday, March 26 (1-1:30 PM)

"Boris Godunov"
Moussorgsky's opera in a new English-language production, with Giorgio Tozzi.
Sunday, March 26 (3-5 PM)

"The Story of Will Rogers"
Tuesday, March 28 (9-10 PM)

"The Real West"
The Old West in rare photographs and documents. Narrator: Gary Cooper.
Wednesday, March 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"Nor Any Drop to Drink"
A documentary on the problem of water pollution.
Wednesday, March 29 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Sundays:	Meet the Professor Issues and Answers Roundup USA Ask Washington Meet the Press The Twentieth Century Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Tuesdays:	Expedition!
Thursdays:	Face the Nation/Reports
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom Road to Reality

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.*

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Saturday Review

MARCH 4, 1961

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22 A Winter's Tale, by Jon Godden
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26 Essay review of church histories
27 Judaism: A Portrait, by Leon Roth
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28 Padre Pio, by Oscar De Liso
29 The Prophet from Nazareth, by Morton Scott Enslin
31 Essay review of contemporary theological studies
41 The Greater Judaism in the Making, by Mordecai M. Kaplan; Good to Be a Jew, by Eugene Kohn
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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

IN CHICAGO recently, we attended a performance of "Second City," the now-famous theatre group that puts on ad-lib skits and sketches. The atmosphere is not only off-Broadway but off-beat. "Second City" is an outgrowth of the old Compass Players (which numbers such alumni as Shelley Berman, Mike Nichols, and Elaine May). It operates in what was formerly a Chinese laundry. Under the leadership of entrepreneur Bernie Sahlins and directors Paul Sills and Howard Alk, it boasts such outstanding players as Barbara Harris, formerly of the Playwrights group, Eugene Troobnick, former associate editor of *Playboy*, and Severn Darden, who is regarded as another Orson Welles. They give two performances nightly, are often sold out weeks in advance, and play to audiences which are not only ex-beats ("You ought to see," we heard one young man tell his girl at the table next to ours, "the inside of my bathtub") but also Chicago's best ("The Marshall Fields," we were also told, "just barely got a seat"). This month Second City is building a new theatre next door and next fall will open a second company in New York. "I've suggested," says Sydney Harris, "that they call it 'Third City.'"

• • •

As we were busily taking notes about Second City, we were suddenly brought up short by Sahlins. "What we have really done here," he said, "is to eliminate the writer altogether." At this we stopped taking notes, but Sahlins kept right on. He told us nothing is ever written down, no two shows are ever alike, and two or three weeks before putting on a new show all the actors and their friends and various hangers-on (all of them "cooking with ideas," we were assured) gather to "try out" scenes. Even during the actual performances, the players like to act out anything the audience may want them to. The night we were there, someone on stage yelled "Name a color," and when someone from the audience yelled back "Yellow" he was ignored but someone else who yelled "Green" was evidently okayed because, after a short intermission, Severn Darden (who wore a green derby) and William Mathieu promptly put on a fifteen-minute skit about two Irishmen reminiscing about the good old days when, among other things, wakes really were wakes.

Moving from satire to parody, we received, through the kindly offices of Christopher Cerf (son of Bennett) and the third-ranking *Harvard Lampoon* editor, a copy of the new *Harvard Lampoon* parody of *SR*. No one is spared—not even the editor, whose editorial is entitled "A Generation of Nogoods" and is all about CATS (Council of Americans for Taking Steps). There is a FIRST OF THE MONTH (all about our daughter's debut), a TRADE WINDS ("This is not a money matter but non-cents"), a TV and Radio column about FRIPE (Foundation for Righteous Indignation against Popular Entertainers), a science section (an exposé of a new wonder drug under the title "The Fade Fad"), a theatre column ("I paid a visit to Cambridge and found nothing changed"), a chess column (in which one player in a fit of nervousness castles his bishop), a poem ("What shall we think, if when the stakes are down/Black-bellied night belabours us to pulp?"), and even a Double-Crostic complete with such definitions as "19483th member of Book-of-the-Month Club" and "Bible name for unidentified objects for the revelation of the will of God which were later discovered to be nonexistent by a scholar known as Bibs to his close friends" and "denoting a book with 864 pages."

The book reviews run the gamut from "Powdered Lilies," by Absinthe Cockfosters, reviewed by Norman Anthrax-Abel, to "My Filthy Filthy Follies," by Ariel Phlegm, reviewed by Chloe Primrose. In a review of "Signifying the Nothing," by William Faulkner, Taylor Wright addresses himself to the question "Did Faulkner Write Shakespeare?" (a cover piece, by the way), while in a review of the book "Is Fallout Rotting Your Child Away?" by Lynus Crackle, Otto Kraenkl asks equally frankly, "It's one thing when your dog falls to pieces but what happens when it's your daughter?" There is also an excellent review ("A triumphantly ordered progression") of the 1961 Boston Telephone Directory. In the lead article of the whole issue, entitled "The Colt of the Angry Old Man," Sedgwick Schtlmpft tells the story of the "Smellies" in Manchester, England's "Brackslime" district. "The ageless battle between the haves and have-nots," he writes, "has not had the violent aspects that have not's have against the haves, but certainly the haves have halved, through reform, the amount of have-nots that the have-nots haven't had."

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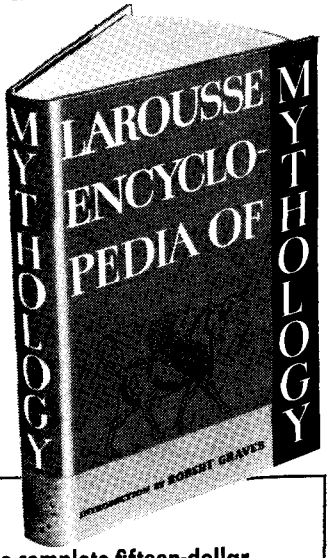

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Isn't that what Jack Paar's been telling us?

ACTUALLY, people have been behaving as though the slogan were reversed. Okay, so now everybody owns at least one television set, and what's happening? Well, TV is stamping itself out and the publishers are producing the spectaculars.

I've never rolled on the floor laughing at TV as I did reading "Look Back, Mrs. Lot!" (Atheneum). Here's the greatest bunch of satirical essays I've seen in years. They're out of Israel, by Ephraim Kishon, and they've dispelled once and for all my notion that everything of that nation must needs be serious. This guy is the greatest deadpan artist since Goodman Ace, especially when he's recounting his efforts to be served a glass of cold tea, without ice, in an American restaurant.

Television seldom offered me anything as interesting as "The Coming of War" (Doubleday), by Albert Z. Carr. By describing the events that led up to our participation in the War of 1812, the author is able to apply them to the present situation and make an appealing argument that war is not inevitable. He has to knock about a few sacred cows to do so. It was very encouraging to have someone say that although historians have always been able to list the causes of war, they've never been able to explain it. Carr writes:

"Today the rulers of all nations—all devotees of peace, if we accept their word for it—take a gingerly approach toward the problem of war's causation. They tiptoe toward it like a person entering a sickroom. Theirs is the uneasy spirit of physicians assigned to rid a troublesome patient of a dread disease, but who cannot even decide on a diagnosis.

"In consequence, they deal only with superficial symptoms of the moment. Contemplating a rash of armaments they may prescribe a conference; for an outbreak of hostile propaganda, they recommend a rise in the military budget. The truth is that the world of the space age is nearly as baffled by the war phenomenon as the world of antiquity, which ascribed wars to the will of the gods."

I NEVER SHALL witness anything on television like Henri Perruchot's "Toulouse-Lautrec." The revealing text is matched by some incomparable illustrations. Here are sketch after sketch by Lautrec, photograph after photograph of Lautrec and his friends, most of them never before published: photographs of the painter's mad father, dressed in his fantastic costumes; Lautrec as a boy; Lautrec at his easel, in his studio, with his mother not long before his death. There are pictures of Lautrec at a cabaret, at work, sleeping, drinking, fishing, on a hunting trip. It's just fantastic to think that cameras followed this man so often. We also see pictures of the women in his life, such as Jane Avril, Suzanne, Mireille, and other models and inhabitants of the brothel in the Rue d'Amboise.

Toulouse-Lautrec was an extraordinary man, inspiring feelings of disgust in those who didn't know him, love in those who did. After reading this story and seeing the pictures, one could have only the utmost sympathy and understanding for him. This biographer has been able to re-create in the form of a book an extraordinary amount of the artist's life.

A UNIVERSITY PRESS that wishes to remain anonymous received a letter from the editor of a metropolitan newspaper which declared:

"Gentlemen: Thank you very much for the copy of your new book. We expect to review it in our Book Page any Sunday now, and if it comes out good we will send you a clipping."

THE LIBRARY of Gainesville, Florida, has been receiving some interesting requests for books. Among them are "Trustee from the Poolroom," "Keep the Tigers from My Door," and "Dear and Glorious Position."

SMALL WORLD. A few weeks ago Mrs. William Styron and Mrs. Al Hine, respective wives of the authors, made arrangements by telephone to meet at the Rumsey Hall School skating rink in Washington, Connecticut, with the kids.

Mrs. Hine arrived first and, not finding her neighbor there, thought maybe she had misunderstood the arrange-

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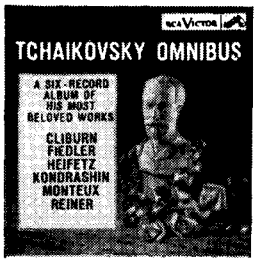

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"JOYFULLY I See Ten Cariboo." Canadian Eskimo artist Pootagok did, and the result is the charming stonecut reproduced below. It's a fine example of the Eskimo art you'll find in Canada, nearly all of which is guaranteed to win your heart completely. Could you, for instance, resist a sealskin stencil of "Rabbit Eating Seaweed?" By Kinoajvak?

Eskimo art—soapstone and ivory carvings, stonecut prints, sealskin stencils—is primitive expression of strange grace and haunting honesty. It is a Canadian art form unique in the world. Too bad we can't show you here Oshaweetuk's "Four Muskoxen" or Kananginak's "Dream of Birds." You may find them in our full-color advertisements . . . but, better still, come see the real thing in Canada this summer. Eskimo art is displayed at galleries and stores across the land.

The Eskimos on Cape Dorset—on the edge of the Arctic Circle—already famous for their stone and ivory carvings, have recently developed the arts of stonecut print and sealskin stencil; although the stonecut methods are slow, they produce more sensitive results than any press. We're sure you'll enjoy seeing this exciting Canadian art form, and have no doubt you'll want to take some home with you.

You'll enjoy many other pleasures of Canada, too, of course. Colorful festivals and events, spectacular parks and wonderful waterways are right next door to you. May we help you plan a visit? Write to the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada, for "Invitation to Canada" and other vacation literature.

ments. So she turned the car around and started back up the narrow road toward the nearest telephone. But Mrs. Styron was on her way, all right. In fact, she was coming lickety-split down the same narrow road trying to arrive on schedule.

Crash. Fortunately, no one was injured. Since both these ladies write children's books, they must have had a delightful time explaining the incident to the six kids involved, not to mention the two husbands.

SOMEONE WROTE to London's *Books and Bookmen* complaining about a mistake wherein John Creasey was credited with being the author of "Gideon's Day." He said: "I think I am right in saying that J. J. Marric is the author of 'Gideon's Day.' I hate to see a mediocre writer get credit for a very good book."

Mr. Creasey, who is apparently prolific enough to be forced to use pen names, was more than happy to reply: "Some readers write to tell me how good they think I am; some are frank enough to say how bad. You are the first to say the two things at the same time, since I am J. J. Marric."

MY BRITISH INFORMANT tells me that a sleazy bookshop displayed copies of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," which looked out of place considering

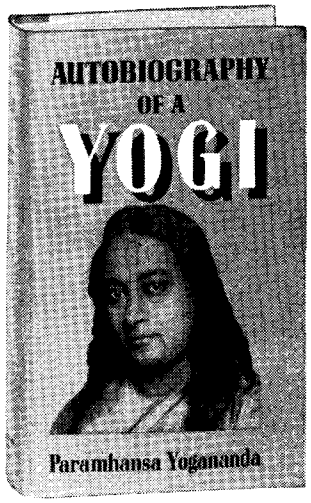
the rest of the stock. However, the book was doing well, thanks to a poster which proclaimed: FOUR YOUNG GIRLS TELL ALL.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO Charles Siegferth reports on a visit he and his wife made to the "mountaintop ménage" of Henry Miller at Big Sur, California. He writes:

"We spent two days with the Master, as he's called by the 351 members of the Henry Miller Society of Minneapolis. Though he scrivened his great works in a chicken coop a few years back, he now works in an atelier which cost a neat ten grand. Books, books, books—all over the place and neatly shelved.

"Showed me and the wife his work translated into virtually every foreign language—the latest one done in some African dialect. Then the Master opens a bottom drawer and pulls out a *book*! 'Into the Night Life,' illustrated by Bezalel Schatz. Price of book now $175; originally sold for $225. Many have

LIKE LIGHT IN DARKNESS!



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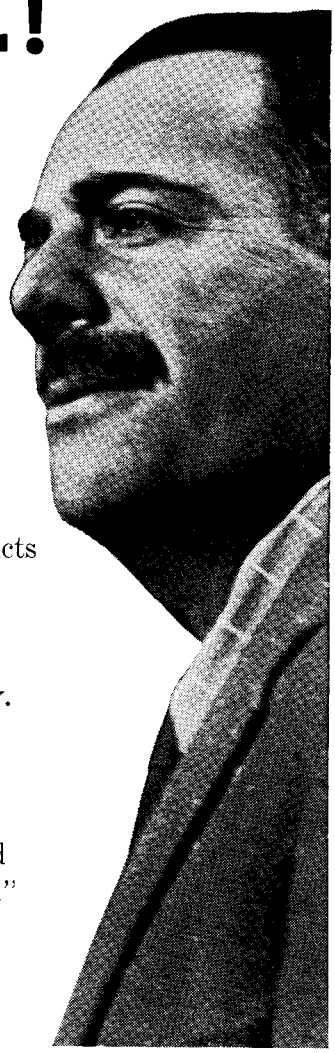

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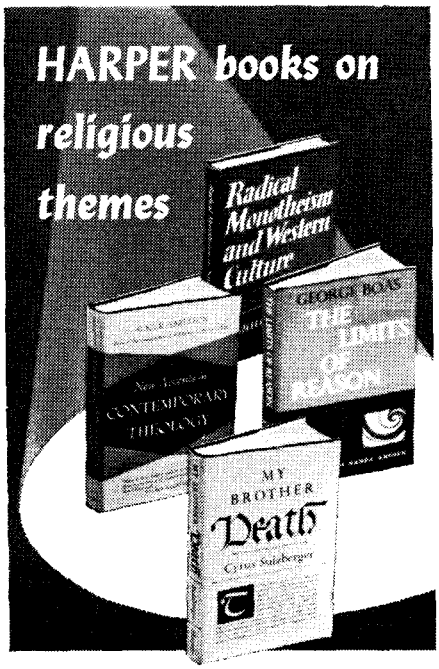

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been sold, Henry told us, quite a number when the book was exhibited at the S. F. Museum of Art.

"Then Miller, who is known for giving the shirt off his back, said, 'Charles, I've shown you everything in my workshop and library. Choose anything your heart desires, and it's yours.'

"My tongue must have slipped into my shoes. I could have had a copy of that $175 tome as sure as I'm sitting here at my portable, apprising you what a jackass I was on that occasion."

Apparently poor Charles never did open his mouth. But H. M. is also adept at watercolors, and Mrs. Siegferth was staring at one of these hanging on the wall behind the man's huge desk. Miller then said,

"Beatrice, do you like it?"

"Like it?" she exulted. "Why, a picture like that must have come from the brush of a god."

Miller got up, removed the painting from the wall, and said, "It's yours."

So they returned home with Miller's "A Hindu Wedding," valued at about $500. But Siegferth says he is still muttering "Into the Night Life" to himself in case he ever gets another chance.

ODDZIES: Al Hudes says you come away from "Camelot" humming the scenery.

► Fred Tubbs sends me a clip from the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch* classified ad section, in which someone offers for sale: "Exorcisor—three-speed deluxe, like new."

► In "Skyline," Gene Fowler comes up with the crack: "The seasoned reporter finds that the only thing that money can actually buy is people."

Bill Blair of Harper-Atlantic Sales, Inc., keeps useful quotes handy, too, such as Samuel Butler's "I don't mind lying but I hate inaccuracy," or this one by Samuel Johnson:

"What is written without effort is in general read without pleasure."

► I heard one little boy's opinion of a classmate: "He's okay, except that the teacher is always saying how clean his hands are."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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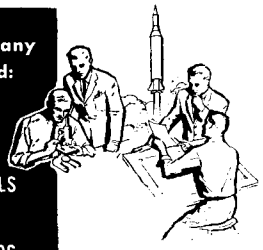

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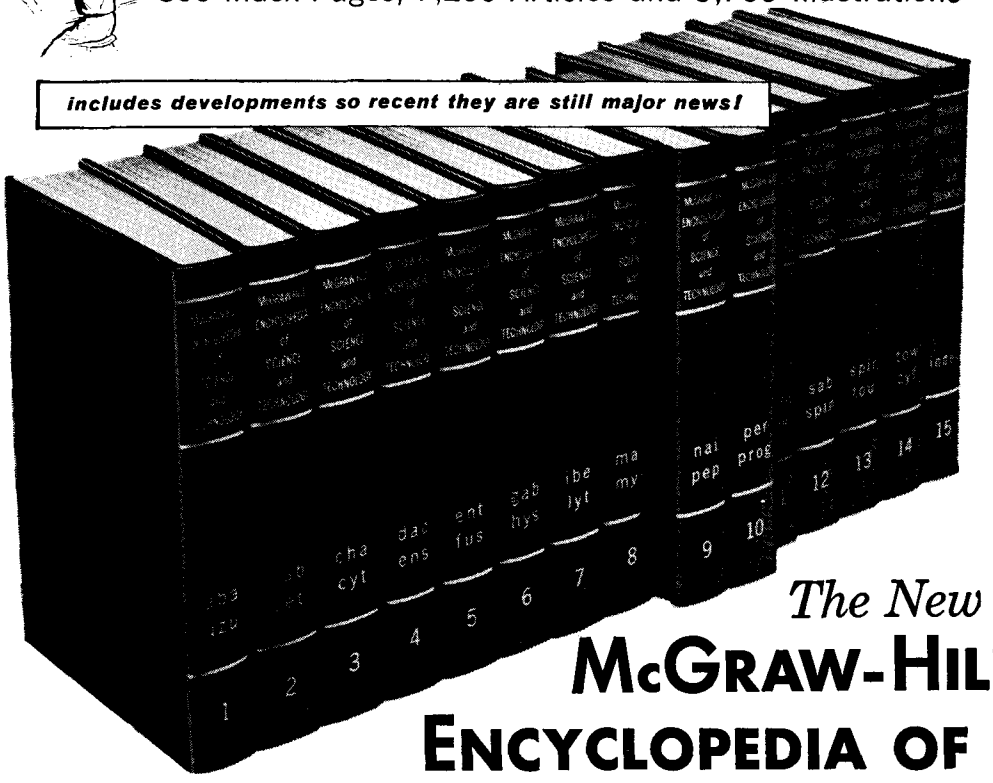

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Saturday Review
MARCH 4, 1961

ROBERT E. LEE:

The Guardian Angel Myth

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

Virginia-born Marshall Fishwick is professor of American studies at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, and a close student of the Southern past and present. He is the author of "American Heroes: Myth and Reality" and the forthcoming "Sleeping Beauty: The South in the 1960s."

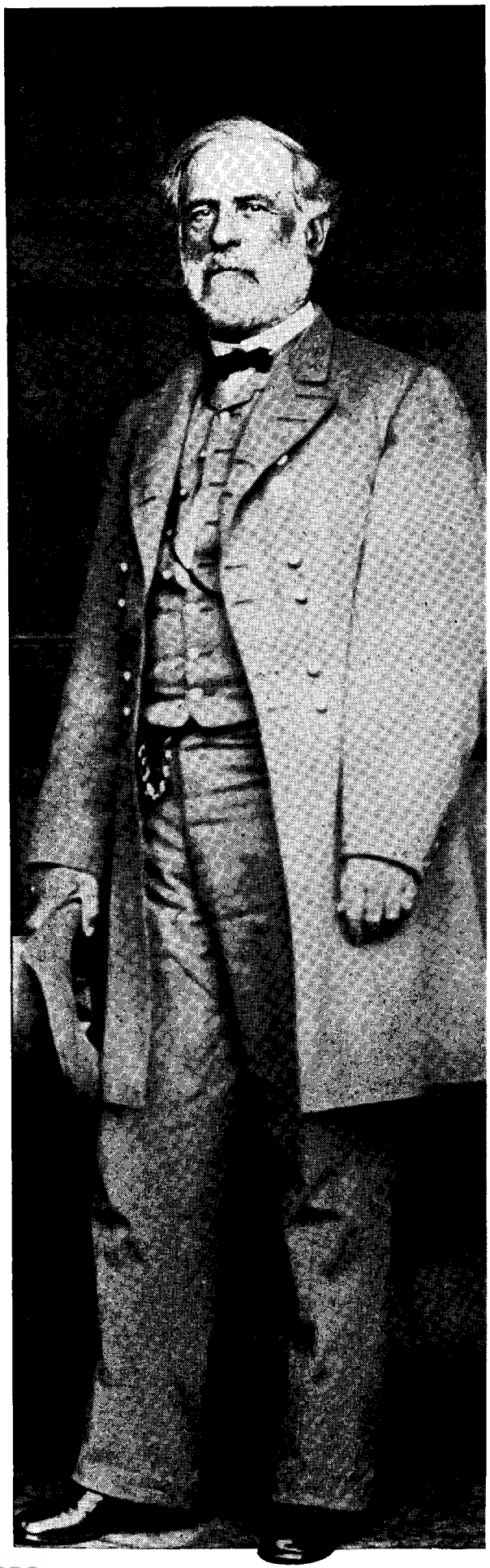
ROBERT E. LEE was the most remarkable man the American South has produced. Others were more versatile, intelligent, learned, and articulate, but Lee has been the most influential. Unsuccessful as a soldier, he was turned into a saint. Now even those whose Union he almost destroyed reverence him. The man who could not save the Confederacy as a general now hovers over it like a guardian angel.

As the Civil War Centennial begins I write not to exalt Lee the general (that has been done deservedly and repeatedly) but to exorcise Lee the guardian angel.

His life completely reversed the American success pattern. He did not begin life in a log cabin but in a Georgian manor house. He was definitely not one of the boys. Thomas Lee, an ancestor, had been the only native Virginian to serve as royal governor. When Stratford Hall, the Lee mansion, burned, the English Queen gave money from the privy purse to help rebuild it. In a family-centered region, his was *the* family. But with Robert E. Lee the family luck seemed to run out. After a military career with very infrequent promotions (he was a captain for twenty-one years) he decided to serve the Confederacy, even though he opposed secession. That he fought exceedingly well no one can seriously question. But he lost, and he died a prisoner on parole.

His last five years were spent at an obscure little college. During that time he refused to speak in his own defense (he alone of all the generals on either side wrote no memoirs) or to have others speak for him. Lord Acton wrote him with word of a new publication, and pledged that "the new review shall follow the course which you prescribe and that any communication with which you may honour me shall be kept in strictest confidence." Lee offered no prescription.

Indifferent to political theory and practice, he seems to have had no interest whatever in the Confederacy as a government, or in industrialization, Darwinism, and the other major issues of his time. He



Brady photograph of Robert E. Lee.
—Bettmann Archive.

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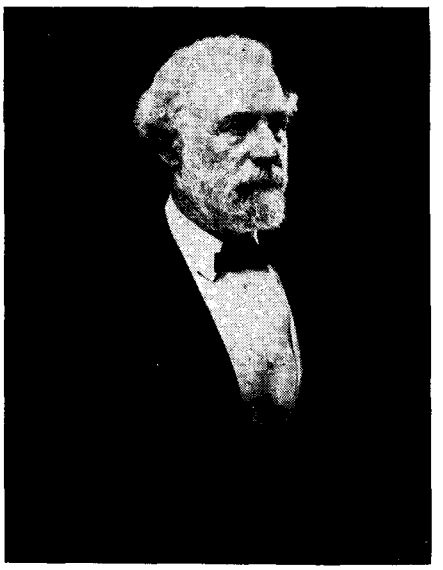

Rare photograph of the middle-aged Lee as superintendent of West Point in the 1850s (left); photo of Lee shortly before his death in 1870 (right).

simply did not have a conceptualizing mind. His religion was fundamental and his conduct was gentlemanly. All his life he was a creature of method and routine. "Robert was always good," his father wrote in 1817. And so men have said ever since.

It is this unspectacular and unsuccessful life that has thrown a long shadow over the whole South for a century. "He had been dead for years and yet his spirit seemed so close to us that I was afraid," James Street wrote of his own North Carolina boyhood. "He was always watching me and when I did bad things, like write dirty words on a fence or chunk at birds, he shook his head and disapproved. God, my grandmother, and Robert E. Lee were always watching me. He was the archangel Michael, away off yonder beyond my reach—pure white, godly, and cold."

"To this day," Cleveland Amory writes in "Who Killed Society?", "so great is the deference to Lee's name that Southerners control any and all matters of manners, morals, and mores by the mildest mention of him. 'Whenever we did something bad,' a lady from Lynchburg says of her school days, 'the head mistress would quietly turn Lee's picture to the wall—and that was enough.'"

The old revere him no less than the young. I have stood at the deathbed of an elderly lady and heard her say, "I'm not afraid to die. I'm going to heaven. Then I'll see the three I've always loved —my husband, Jesus, and Robert E. Lee."

What is behind such an attitude? And what effect has it had on the region and the nation to which, willy-nilly, the South is organically welded?

The switch from Lee the general to Lee the guardian angel seems to have been instantaneous. The Lee Memorial Society was organized on October 12, 1870—the day the general died. The charter read that "no duty is more sacred than that of making manifest the love of his countrymen for the character and genius of Robert E. Lee."

Soon Richmond ladies had formed the Ladies' Lee Monument Association and were collecting funds, in a desolate and bankrupt South, for a sixty-foot statue featuring Lee bedecked in sash and cavalry sword. Executed by the French sculptor Jean Mercié, it reached Richmond in three boxes. Each was dragged to the site by willing human helpers: the first by ex-Confederates, the second by townsmen, the third by women and girls. Here was one heavy chore for which delicate ladies vied; and sections of the ropes used are still prized as relics.

As impressive as the monument was, Thomas Nelson Page was quite right when he said: "His monument is the adoration of the South; his shrine is in every Southern heart."

The law of compensation was at work. The North had the victory, but the South had Robert E. Lee. He became, instantaneously, the symbol of all that the South *had been*, and the North *could never be*, no matter how many smokestacks it erected. When men are not attracted by the present or future, they turn inevitably to an idolization of the past. The glories (real and imagined) of the Good Old Days become an impregnable castle from which flies the invincible banner of "the Lost Cause." So it was South of the Potomac.

Some Southerners, at least, have admitted it. Writes Clarence Cason: "Eating the cornbread and sorghum of 1870, the impoverished and discouraged Southerners bravely drew mental pictures of tables laden with pheasant and Burgundy. The psychological reaction constituted a typical flight from reality." Leading this fleeing army was not Lee the general, but Lee the guardian angel. And the result was much more disastrous than Gettysburg.

To the consequences we give the name Reconstruction, although it also bore many signs of Retrogression. In place of *noblesse oblige* came white supremacy; in place of curiosity, bigotry; in place of democracy, demagoguery. No one in his right mind could blame the decline on Robert E. Lee; but his name was invoked in many of the acts, and his guardian angel was said to flutter close by and to bless them. More and more he came to be remembered not in military but in religious terms. From hundreds of examples, I choose two typical ones. At an 1883 memorial service, John W. Daniel used this analogy:

> Since the Son of Man stood upon the Mount, and saw "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" stretched before him, and turned away to the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and to the Cross of Calvary beyond, no follower of the meek and lowly Savior had undergone more trying ordeals than Lee.

A second quotation, from a speech Henry T. Wickham made in the Virginia Senate during World War II, shows how little the rhetoric had altered in some sixty years:

> Some devout clergymen have, with the utmost reverence, likened Lee's last words, "Strike the tent," to the last words of the Savior on the cross of Calvary, "It is finished." I believe when Lee uttered those words that a vision of glory appeared before his closing eyes; a vision of the progress of a pilgrim.

While orators were busy linking Jesus and the guardian angel in heaven, things were going badly for many Southerners on earth. Dixie became a colonial outpost for Yankee money. In 1880 the per capita wealth in the South was a startling 57 per cent below the national average, and the deficiency stood at 56.3 per cent in 1900. A region-wide capitulation to racism developed; Jim Crow segregation laws took on the guise of a "permanent solution." In the 1890s, 1,111 Negroes were lynched in the United States. "Almost any offense was likely to be considered sufficiently sinister to lead to lynching," Francis Simkins writes, "such as slapping children, using offensive or boastful language, and seeking political or other employ-

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ment deemed improper for members of an inferior caste."

When the Great Depression struck, Dixie's situation moved from pitiful to unbearable. Planters abandoned their lands and left tenants to starve. Hordes of people wandered into overcrowded city slums, looking for jobs that didn't exist. The South became, in the words of President Roosevelt's National Emergency Council, "the nation's number one economic problem."

Yet not even this social catastrophe, nor the war that followed on its heels, could turn a mesmerized South from the Civil War and the peerless knight who had led the heroes in gray. As Arnold Toynbee notes in "A Study of History":

> In the Southern states the memory of that catastrophe is as green in our generation as if the blow had fallen only yesterday; and "the war" still means the Civil War, though two fearful wars have since supervened.

Professor Toynbee points to the worst of all Southern diseases: myopia. Cultural nearsightedness has been more devastating than the boll weevil, hookworm, carpetbaggers, and the NAACP combined. It has deprived men of the outlook and resilience that would put other problems in perspective. Since World War II militant sectionalism has cropped up in the social, cultural, and political life of the South.

What is needed, desperately and quickly, is a change in strategy. Rather than re-enacting Confederate battles, the South should enact laws that would stop potential battles from taking place in our own time. Rather than arguing about what did happen at Gettysburg, Southerners should ask what is happening in Leopoldville and New Delhi—in the world South of which ours is a small but pivotal portion.

General Lee would have seen the need for a new strategy instantly; guardian angel Lee never will. "If the Great Man were here today" can form the basis for a cheap kind of game in which the author proves his point by making himself speak for the dead. I do not intend to do that with General Lee. But I do think it fair to quote from a scrap of paper found with his papers after his death, and to comment on its implications. There were the words he had written:

> The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman. . . . The gentleman cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to *let the past be but the past.*

Has the South been willing to forgive, let alone forget, the defeat and miseries to which she was subjected a century ago? Have her leaders and policymakers been willing to "let the past be but the past"? Obviously not. Yet the very men who have flagrantly disregarded the words of the living Lee have called upon the dead Lee for succor.

They do not know their man. Instead of fighting change and growth, Lee encouraged and commended it. Look at his achievements after 1865, when he served as president of Washington College. Enrollment jumped from a handful to over 410, who came from twenty-six states. In 1866 he founded a "School of Law and Equity," and in 1867 a Students' Business School. The man who is taken as a symbol of agrarian aristocracy wrote to his Board of Trustees on January 8, 1869: "In recommending a Commercial School, it is proposed, not merely to give instruction in bookkeeping and the forms and details of business, but to teach the principles of Commercial Economy, Trade, and Mercantile Law."

That same year saw the College offer practical and theoretical courses in journalism (the first such offerings in any American college), and lay plans for courses in agriculture.

During these years Lee sought and won financial support not only from many Southern sympathizers, but also from such unlikely donors as Thomas A. Scott (Lincoln's assistant secretary of war) and Henry Ward Beecher.

All this suggests that a man who had such vision in the 1860s would see that in the 1960s the intellectual battlefield includes not only the Potomac, but the Congo, Nile, and Yellow rivers. With the launching of satellites, the basic premise of the human condition, man's bondage to the earth, was modified. We deal now with characteristics, not properties, with purpose, not causality; with process, not product. Notions of energy, matter, and time are in flux. Some fields are advancing so fast that they are almost unteachable. We are confronted by novelty without precedent, power without measurement. Scholars estimate that we are now doubling the knowledge in our intellectual storehouse every ten years. Little wonder: 90 per cent of all scientists who ever lived are alive today.

The American South, perplexed by matters at home and abroad, confronts a paradox. To understand her own problems, she must study other men's. To preserve her basic distinctions, she must acknowledge human similarities.

And she must preserve her own flavor and history, no matter how terrifying the problems. To abandon these would be spiritual suicide. "If Southerners deny their inner beings," warns Cleanth Brooks, "the South can be only an exporter of raw materials and man power, and a consumer of imported cultural products. It will cease to export them. In the creative sense it will be numb and sterile."

So we come back to where we began, and ask with James Street: who wants a general for a guardian angel? No one, if when he is enshrined in cold, spotless marble all the heart and the fire that belonged to the man disappear forever. Let us enshrine instead the living Lee. In this Lee was a daring bugle sound; a swift-leaping reckless fire that cannot be put into marble or angel wings.

I cannot believe that Robert E. Lee wanted to become a guardian angel.

Instead I prefer to think that in our day, as in his, he would think not in terms of defense but offense. If our South would be as bold as was his, and as willing to risk everything for decent and honorable principles, she might become a challenge rather than an enigma to the free world.

"It's for you!"

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A Personality in Paradox

By Granville Hicks

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT, who has written books about a number of nineteenth-century figures, leaves no doubt as to what he has attempted in "**Nathaniel Hawthorne: Man and Writer**" (Oxford, $5.50). "This book," he says, "is neither a chronological biography nor a critical study, though it contains much information about Hawthorne's life and his works. It is simply a study of Hawthorne's character and personality, based on his writings, his letters and journals, and on all that has been written about him. It uses the methods of Gamaliel Bradford and Sainte-Beuve. It should be judged entirely by reference to the author's success or failure in understanding Nathaniel Hawthorne as a human being and his ability or lack of it to share this understanding with his readers. All other considerations are irrelevant."

In general, Wagenknecht's attitude might be described as cheerfully sensible. "Hawthorne's personality has often been regarded as enigmatic," he states. "Every man's heart is an unfathomable mystery—even sometimes to himself. But this was not notably truer of Hawthorne than of other men." There, of course, is the nub of the problem. Although it is true that every man is mysterious, I do not see how anyone can read Hawthorne's books without feeling that he was mysterious in a peculiar and wholly notable fashion. To be sure, some popular notions about him are based on myths, as Randall Stewart and other scholars have shown, but the essential mystery remains, and Wagenknecht's failure to see it for what it is has a great deal to do with the shortcomings of his book.

The author's arrangement is topical. After a short summary of Hawthorne's life, he goes into such matters as his appearance, his reading, his views on music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. He discusses at greater length Hawthorne's attitudes towards nature and society, politics and reform, sex, and religion.

There are three critical points at which Wagenknecht tries to buttress his common-sense view of Hawthorne. First, he sets out to show that Hawthorne was not, as commonly believed, a solitary man. He had friends in college and at Concord, Wagenknecht tells us; he led something of a social life in Lenox; his duties as consul in Liverpool required him to see many people, and he did the job well.

All this is true, but it is not all of the truth. Wagenknecht passes lightly over the dozen years that Hawthorne spent in his mother's home in Salem after his graduation from Bowdoin. Yet Hawthorne himself speaks of his "solitary way," and says that "for months together, I scarcely held human intercourse outside of my own family." The years in Concord were not solitary in that sense, for Hawthorne had his beloved wife with him, but his shyness, which Wagenknecht tries to get rid of by calling it "fastidiousness," was remarked by all his neighbors. One of those neighbors, incidentally, Ralph Waldo Emerson, commented in his journal, the day after Hawthorne's funeral, on "the painful solitude of the man, which, I suppose, could no longer be endured, and he died of it."

ON the question of sex Wagenknecht is somewhat closer to the mark. Certainly the image we have sometimes been given of Hawthorne as a pallid, sexless Puritan is false. The intensity of his love for his wife cannot be mistaken by anyone who reads his letters and journals, and her love for him transformed her from invalidism to health. But Wagenknecht, while recognizing that Hawthorne was capable of a strong attachment to a woman, attributes to Nathaniel and Sophia a kind of cosy domesticity that seems far from the facts. Whatever else was true about this marriage, it was not so commonplace an affair as Wagenknecht tries to make it.

Wagenknecht takes particular comfort in the fact that he can regard Hawthorne as essentially religious. The novelist, he admits, had no church affiliations, but in fundamentals he was a believer: "He believed in God. He believed in immortality. He believed in Divine Providence. He believed in the infinite value of every human soul." In support of this statement, Wagenknecht cites chapter and verse.

But sensitive readers from the beginning have felt that, whatever faith Hawthorne may have had, he was eternally engaged with doubt. Melville wrote in his review of "Mosses from an Old Manse": "For spite of all the Indian-summer sunlight on the hither side of Hawthorne's soul, the other side—like the dark half of the physical sphere—is shrouded in blackness, ten times black." Henry James spoke of Hawthorne's "cat-like faculty of seeing in the dark," and said, "Hawthorne's vision was all for the evil and sin of the world." D. H. Lawrence wrote: " 'The Scarlet Letter' isn't a pleasant, pretty romance. It is a sort of parable, an earthly story with a hellish meaning." And he went on to speak of its "diabolic undertone." "There was a dark side to him," Wagenknecht sums up, "but he faced the light." What a tame way that is of putting it, and how little justice it does to "the power of darkness" in Hawthorne!

Early in the book Wagenknecht asks, "Was Hawthorne, then, an 'optimist' or a 'pessimist'?" He continues: "Actually he was neither, for the excellent reason that both terms apply to abstractions rather than to human beings. If there are any consistent optimists among the children of men, they must all be cheerful idiots, and if there ever were any consistent pessimists they all committed suicide long ago." This bland commonplace shows at the outset Wagenknecht's unwillingness to look squarely at the problem. The question, of course, is not whether Hawthorne was a consistent pessimist; the question is where the weight of temperament and sensibility and judgment fell, and the answer is clear in spite of Wagenknecht's efforts to obscure it.

Wagenknecht is a conscientious student, and his notes show his familiarity with the literature of his subject. So far as facts are concerned, he is clearly to be relied on. In terms of his stated aims, however, the book is not a success, for Hawthorne's character and personality constantly elude him. A study of this sort, a "psychograph" as Wagenknecht calls it, should bring its subject to life. We should feel that we are in the presence of the man who wrote the books. This rather ordinary fellow that Wagenknecht portrays could never have written "The Scarlet Letter" or anything else of great power and distinction. Hawthorne was a man apart, as most of his contemporaries felt. "Genius" is not a word to be used lightly, but to leave the idea of genius out of account, as Wagenknecht pretty much does, in writing about such a man as Hawthorne, is to put on blinders.

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FICTION

Then and Now in Cornwall

"China Court: The Hours of a Country House," by Rumer Godden *(Viking. 304 pp. $4.50), employs the same time device that the author initiated in "Take Three Tenses." Anglo-Irish novelist Elizabeth Bowen grew up on a family estate given to them by Oliver Cromwell.*

By Elizabeth Bowen

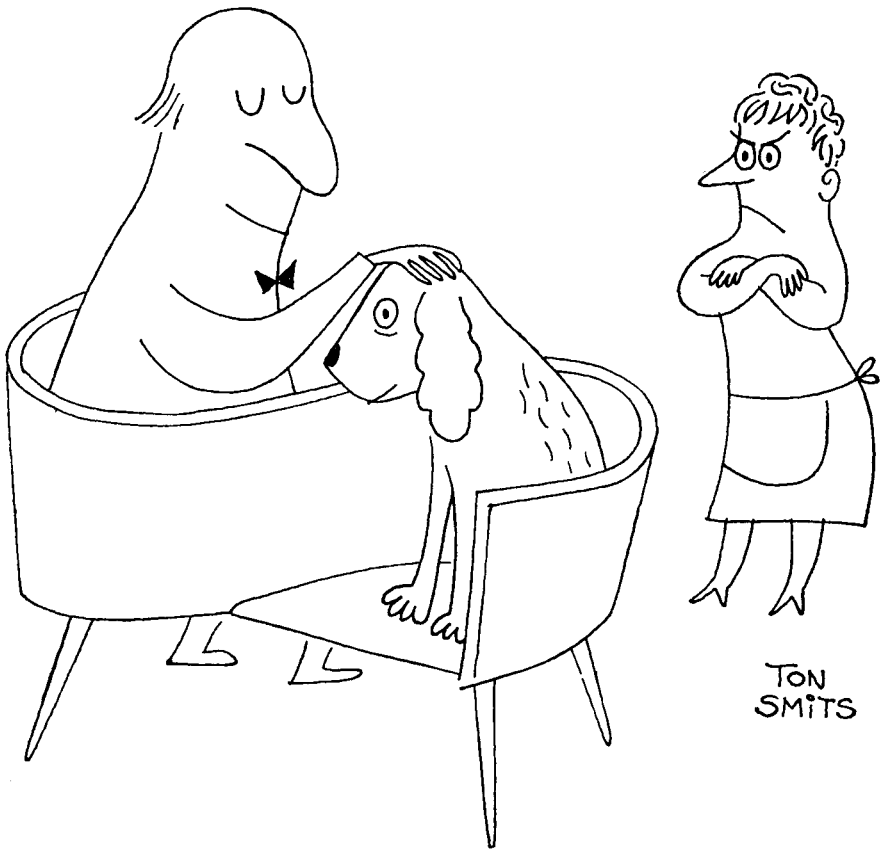
AN OLD house is itself, in a sense, a story—the more so if, from the start of its days, it has remained identified with the same family. Such a home, dear to the heart in real life, makes a preeminent claim for its place in fiction; many have, accordingly, been the novels in which family places play an outstanding part—not as background merely, but as dominant characters or influences, whether favorable or malevolent. By now, indeed, tales hinging upon this theme may risk falling into convention. Be it said immediately, therefore, that "China Court," Rumer Godden's new novel, is well outside the convention, and keeps clear of anything that could be the expected pattern.

For one thing, Miss Godden turns upon place and persons (in this case five generations of the Quin family) that ray of her almost psychic imagination which has always given distinction to her art. For another, the pattern is quite her own, based as it is upon her theory of time: not, for her, a matter of "then" or "now," but of simultaneousness. In this story, as in the house that provides its name, whatever did ever happen is still happening. Past and present hours are interknit; the wall between living Quins and their dead forebears is so thin that it hardly exists at all. The drama inherent in this family is made known to us less by obvious flashbacks than by subtle transitions. The story shuttles to and fro in time, taking us with it. This technique, or device, was used by Miss Godden in an earlier novel, "Take Three Tenses" (which had as alternative title "A Fugue in Time"). There, the scene was London. "China Court" is set in the wilds of Cornwall.

Sturdy and square, redeemed from gauntness by its surrounding garden, stands the stone homestead—comely within, though with nothing about it of the mansion. Pretensions would not have become the Quins, whose status was at the start uncertain. Eustace (born 1801), who built the house and founded the family, was of unknown origin. Having amassed a fortune from local china clay works, he married the respectable, cheerful Adza. From this couple sprang what later Quins called "The Brood"—a truly Victorian muster of sons and daughters. But The Brood, though numerous, were unfortunate: the next generation reduced itself to two only, sons of unruly Jared (born 1851) and his wife, the hapless, beautiful Lady Patrick, daughter of an Irish earl. Lady Patrick it was who brought in the elegant furniture. Though soon blighted by marital disillusionment, she at least puts the Quins on the map socially. Her second (and more dull) son's marriage to Ripsie, first known as an illegitimate little girl who flickers around the purlieus of China Court, is anything but welcome to Lady Patrick.

"China Court" opens upon the summer morning, 1960, of "old" Mrs. Quin's calm, untragic death. Yet this woman who once was Ripsie we come to know better than anyone in the story: she is, in fact, China Court's senior heroine—the junior being her American granddaughter, Tracy. Tracy, by fate banished from China Court since her days of childhood, returns on the very morning of her grandmother's death: sadly too late, one might have thought, to renew the relationship that meant so much to both of them—but, as we are to find, this is far from so. What, now, is to be the future of the family home? Suspense, followed by an almost miraculous solution, awaits the reader. Enough to hint that the long-ago secret passion of a Quin spinster, Eliza, sister of Jared, proves justified.

Ancient books play their part in the drama of China Court. The exquisite French medieval "Book of the Hours" serves as a sort of framework for this contemporary novel, and has inspired its subtitle. "The Hours of a Country House" is Miss Godden's own definition of "China Court." She illumines her pages often with a flowery brightness akin to the old missal's.



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Fire Under The Snow

"A Winter's Tale," by Jon Godden *(Knopf. 275 pp. $3.95), weaves meanings within meanings in an ostensibly simple tale of a writer, a mosquito-like girl, and an Alsatian dog. Margaret Parton's interest in British fiction stems from the former foreign correspondent's many sojourns in England. She is now associate editor of Ladies' Home Journal.*

By Margaret Parton

PRESCRIPTION for a delicious winter's evening: one comfortable chair, one log fire, a bottle of good brandy, and a copy of "A Winter's Tale." If it's snowing outside, so much the better, but it isn't really necessary. Miss Godden not only writes with the delicate implacability of snow, but sets her story in a snowbound cottage, deep in the English countryside.

The isolated cottage belongs to Jerome Holt, a highly successful playwright and novelist. At forty-five Jerome knows "what the true sensualist knows by instinct: that the keenest delight lies in contrast: hard before soft, thirst before satisfaction, abstinence before pleasure. He had arranged his life so that, as far as possible, he should have the best of both worlds." One world is his London flat, which he visits frequently but briefly and where he leads a completely social and uncreative life. The other world is the cottage, the address and phone number unknown except to his secretary and his agent. Here he works.

And here, too, are Peter and Sylvie, neither indispensable but both a part of Jerome's life and comfort. Peter, the man-of-all-work whose face was blasted in Jerome's service during the war and who finds the cottage not only a refuge from the stares of the curious but also from the horrified rejection of womankind. And Sylvie, the three-year-old Alsatian bitch, magnificent in her wild, young beauty, singleminded in her love for Jerome.

Into this self-sufficient world, snowbound but snug, comes Una, floundering through the drifts along the lane with fierce female determination. Una is very young, very pretty, very much in love with Jerome—and endowed with the brain and the persistence of a mosquito. She has ferreted out Jerome's address and found her way to the cottage for the sole purpose of having an affair with him and, hopefully, luring him into marriage. Jerome, whose writing was going stale in any case, cooperates with the first half of the plan, in the beginning reluctantly and then enthusiastically.

Who can be blamed for what happened when the self-sufficient world began to disintegrate? Jerome, after all, was a man who was attractive to "the discontented fashionable pretty women he laughed at and enjoyed." And Jerome cultivates exotic orchids: "their fragile but fleshy beauty was to Jerome's taste, and their look of fastidious cruelty amused him." So if Jerome had been otherwise, if he had not been attracted even momentarily to a fluffy little idiot like Una. . . .

Or is it Una's fault? She is, without a doubt, pathetic. But she is also one of the most innocently unbearable women who ever disarranged a man's house, harassed a writer, patronized a servant, or was jealous of a dog.

Sylvie was jealous too. What is worse, Sylvie's heart was broken. And therein lies the sad, ironic story of "A Winter's Tale," take it as you will—a simple tale or an intricate study of devotions.

Miss Godden, who would probably far rather be identified as the author of "Mrs. Panopoulis" and other novels than as the older sister of Rumer Godden, has written a delicate and clever book, full of feathery omens and meanings within meanings, guaranteed to provide enjoyment on many levels for a winter's evening. Especially if read by firelight, with the snow falling outside.

—*Studio Iisa, Ltd.*

Rumer Godden (left) and Jon Godden (right)—sisters in real and professional life.

EXPOSES OF SIN: Two novellas by the French writer Vercors, "December's Freedom" and "Monsieur Prousthe," have been brought together in one volume titled **"Paths of Love"** (Putnam, $4). Vercors is of course not the real name of the author, but I would like to assume that when a man writes under a pseudonym, he wants to be known under that pseudonym and is not forcing us to memorize two sets of names. Thus, let us call Vercors Vercors.

Now about sixty years old, Vercors made his dramatic entrance on the literary scene during World War II. His "Silence of the Sea," which told of two silent French listeners being talked to evening after evening by an officer of the German army of occupation, was one of the first testimonies from the great European anti-German underground. The book was something of a sensation; it rather baffled America, where Kay Boyle, reviewing it for the *New York Times* in February, 1944, couldn't decide whether the author was a Nazi or an anti-Nazi. Since then Vercors's career as a writer has had sharp ups and downs both with the public and with the critics, who have violently disagreed with each other and with Vercors's readers. "Paths of Love" will do nothing to settle the dispute.

The two long stories in the book are surprisingly alike. In each the narrator, a young man, finds his love for a young woman frustrated because that woman

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is under the spell of a perverse older man. Edwige, in "December's Freedom," is bound with morbid passion to her stepfather. Noëlle, in "Monsieur Prousthe," feels that heredity might have burdened her with an affliction similar to that of her father. Eventually, Edwige, and the narrator's love for her, are doomed, while with Noëlle there is a promise of fulfillment.

Vercors is a fine writer, and though this American translation (by his wife, Rita Berisse) has bad moments and strange lapses into a kind of P. G. Wodehouse English, the quality of the writing comes across. Both stories contain truly moving passages.

But, unhappily, it seems to me that their construction and intention are baffling and unsatisfactory. What did Vercors aim for with these pages that stand so oddly outside the present? How could he expect these cynical times of ours to take quite seriously his Oscar Wildean exposés of sin, complete with hidden passages between bedrooms? Finally, what could possibly have made him tell the tales in the first person? That technique has great powers of irritation, even in a straight Somerset Maugham yarn; Vercors makes us squirm as we follow him through a series of highly unlikely meetings over the years, in which the *dramatis personae* pour out their innermost secrets for him.

Vercors handles his words so well that there is pleasure in reading them, no matter what they tell of; one hopes that in his next novel they will flow in a more convincing channel.

—Hans Koningsberger.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 919

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 919 will be found in the next issue.

IF MY STIIB TK OFI
YOFCHG. FOY ACKI
QFKKYKK KCDDTETYOI
STI IF LRFTN GLRTOH
IFF ACEG FD TI
LONXY ALCXFTK

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 918

He who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe is as good as dead; his eyes are closed.

—Albert Einstein.

FARAWAY PLACES

Travelers' Tirades

—*From "La Vie Anglaise."*

"Look Back, Mrs. Lot!," by Ephraim Kishon; *translated from the Hebrew by Yohanan Goldman (Atheneum. 244 pp. $4.50),* ***"La Vie Anglaise," by Tony Mayer;*** *translated from the French by Christopher Sykes (Atheneum. 190 pp. $3.95), and* ***"As for Italy," by Jean-François Revel;*** *translated from the French by Anthony Rhodes (Dial. 159 pp. $3.75), respectively satirize Israel, Britain, and Italy. W. G. Rogers was until recently the Associated Press's literary critic.*

By W. G. Rogers

THREE lands beckoning to the traveler, three lynx-eyed travelers who heeded the invitations, and three drastically diverging points of view make up a book packet just as provocative to stay-at-home as to sightseer.

A London paper called "As for Italy" "very funny," according to the jacket. The Israeli work, again to quote the jacket, is "a funny book." "La Vie Anglaise" is presented as "tremendous fun."

I understand what they're getting at, but, to be accurate, "funny" applies only to one of the three: "Look Back, Mrs. Lot!" The author, resident of Israel since 1949, writes a satirical column for numerous newspapers, and his book in effect is forty such columns, each prefaced with comment, often tongue-in-cheek, on the relevant Israeli background.

The stories have an odd gnomish humor. This is, he says, "the first English-language collection of Israeli satirical short stories in two thousand years," and adds, "it therefore deserves a certain amount of reverence." I hereby do reverence. Almost everywhere Mr. Kishon looks he laughs: at the doctor shortage, at an ill-fated Israeli hockey team named "Lions of Judah," at the crossword puzzle that starts out wrong and ends up a Babel, and at the assorted hungers cherished tenaciously by immigrants from various countries (the shrewd Iraqi Jew Naftali, taking advantage of the variety of appetites, pretended to serve dishes in any language, even to filling the mocking author's order for a plate of roasted mao-mao, a tumbler of kafka, or a drink of saroyan).

Mayer, the cultural attaché with France's London embassy, introduces the English to his compatriots: They love the races, talk a lot of cricket but play even more football, drive luxurious "prestige" automobiles, don't shake hands, quickly get on a first-name basis, stage fine music festivals. However, to compensate for pats on the back, he delivers blows below the belt: Railroad stations and cars are dirty, waiting-rooms cold and smoky, clothes don't fit. He reserves his most severe criticism for the food: quantity instead of quality, dinner gulped instead of savored. It's as true today in England as in 1600, when it was first penned, he says, that "God sends meat and the Devil sends the cooks."

Revel is a teacher who, from his native Marseilles, made the easy move to Italy for a stay of more than four years. He overwhelms Italy, Italians, and all things Italian with contumely, and that goes for present and past as far back as, well, the Caesars. When he mentions philosophers, he adds scathingly, "as they call them"; he qualifies "esthetic" with "if one can employ the deceptive adjective." In his opinion the Italians are "unable to write," "no longer know anything about music," are "muddle-headed, confused, prolix." Family life is bigoted, sex is "furtive and sordid." He is caustic about his countryman Roger Vailland, whose memorable novel of a year or so ago, "The Law," was based in Italy; about Stendhal, who lived there so long; about his own French cultural counselors – though without naming Mayer—who are too prone, he charges, to want the French to write the same insipid official stuff that has reduced Italian letters to nullity.

Revel's book breathes poison, malice, and venom, but with enough underlying

(*Continued on page* 45)

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COLLOQUY

Conversation of the Faithful

By George A. Lindbeck, *assistant professor of historical theology at Yale University.*

THERE are now not two but three voices in the "American Dialogue." In addition to the secularists, who alone were audible in the intellectually leading circles of the 1920s, and the Protestants, who began to be heard in the Thirties and Forties, there has recently begun to emerge a competent and articulate Roman Catholic intelligentsia. What was before a two-way conversation is becoming three-way, and the Protestant *avant-garde* finds itself talking not only with the world but also with Catholics.

"An American Dialogue," by Robert McAfee Brown and Gustave Weigel, S. J. (Doubleday, $2.95), strikes the keynote of this new encounter. For the first time in this country a Protestant and a Catholic theologian evaluate each other's faiths both fairly and forthrightly—and within the covers of a single book. Much has happened to make this possible. The rigidities of post-Tridentine Catholicism are partially dissolving, and there is renewed interest in the confrontation with modernity as well as in patristic and Biblical studies. The comparable movement among Protestants is away from a this-worldly liberalism towards a critique of culture in the light of Reformation and scriptural insights. Paradoxically, the return to the Reformers is also an approach to Rome, and so Protestant and Catholic, though still irrevocably divided, must now debate rather than simply ignore each other.

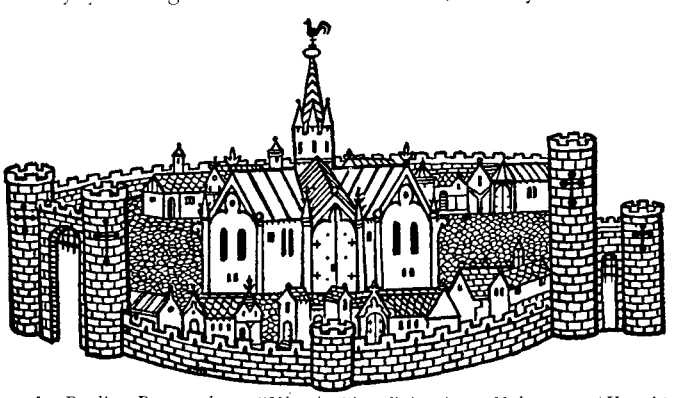
Thus for Professor Brown, the fundamental issues between the confessions are not chiefly, as in the past, social and political, but specifically religious. The four chapters in which he disposes of the alleged Catholic menace to American institutions constitute the best informed and the most effectively written Protestant treatment of this question in existence. He continues with an enthusiastic and informative description of recent Catholic liturgical and scriptural revivals, but all this friendliness does not inhibit his attack on what Protestants consider the unchristian features of the cult of the Virgin Mary and of doctrinal infallibility. Yet Professor Brown concludes with what not long ago would have been the unheard-of view that Catholics and Protestants "need each other" as mutual correctives and stimuli to a fuller appropriation of their common Christian heritage of faith and practice.

Father Weigel shares these views to a large extent, although his problems are very different from those of Brown in discussing Catholicism, for he need not defend Protestants from the charge of being un-American but must rather try to make sense of what seems to him their irrationalities. How can many Protestants admit that the church is important and the Christian revelation in some way final, how can they repudiate pure individualism and subjective religiosity, and still reconcile themselves to sectarian chaos and the lack of any definite ecclesiastical teaching authority? Weigel manfully attempts to understand such impressive explanations of the Protestant position as that of Paul Tillich, but ultimately for him there is no intellectually coherent position between Catholicism and secularism. "A maybe God and a maybe Church are neither God nor Church." His argument in support of this evaluation of Protestantism is not always carefully stated, but it is invariably urbane, knowledgeable, and exciting.

Yet, though this book is a breakthrough, it also gives evidence of America's theological backwardness. The point here reached was already passed more than thirty years ago in France, Germany, and the Low Countries. Weigel's version of cool Thomistic intellectualism is not popular there, and so the European conversation with Protestants is carried on in more existentialist and Biblical terms. Both sides find themselves uncomfortably challenged and forced to a creative rethinking of their fundamental positions on man and sin, grace and the church. Brown and Weigel, engrossing though they are, represent an introductory stage of the discussion, in which the emphasis is more on the exchange of information than on real debate.

Though limited in scope, **"Facing Protestant - Roman Catholic Tensions,"** edited by Wayne H. Cowan (Association Press, $2.50), is in some ways an even more exciting sample of the dialogue. In these articles, most of which appeared originally in *Christianity and Crises*, a group of able and politically liberal Roman Catholic spokesmen reply to an equally effective assortment of gadflies ranging from moderates to the country's most forceful critic of Catholicism, Paul Blanshard, on such controversial problems as the supposed obligation of Catholics to vote for the Massachusetts birth-control laws. An exchange of such frankness and intellectual vigor would have been unthinkable even a couple of decades ago. Here is an additional sign of the rise of a Catholic intelligentsia to be reckoned with.

IN his **"Catholic Viewpoint on Church and State"** (Hanover House, $3.50) Jerome K. Kerwin of the University of Chicago has given us a convenient, nontechnical, and yet authoritative sum-



—Illustrations by Pauline Baynes from "Miracle Plays," by Anne Malcomson (Houghton Mifflin).

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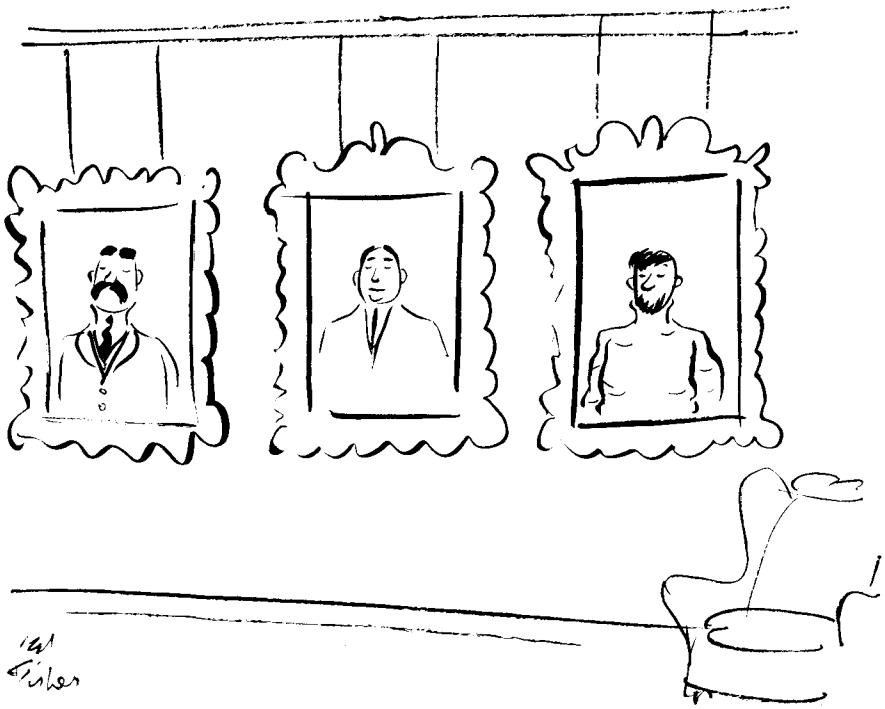
mary of present Catholic thinking on all the political and social issues relating to religion. He convincingly presents what has come to be known as the liberal position, and makes clear that it is espoused by the great majority of contemporary Catholic writers on these subjects both here and abroad. This is the book to consult if one wishes to know about such matters as the role of the Church in the Middle Ages, the school question, the legal aspects of divorce and birth control, and what would happen to religious liberty in the unlikely eventuality of a Roman Catholic majority in the United States. In each case the non-Catholic will be partly reassured, but he will also realize that a Catholic society would inevitably be very different from either a Protestant or a secular one. Professor Kerwin, for example, is certain that American Catholics are enduringly committed to the maintenance of the Constitutional prohibition of any "law respecting an establishment of religion," but he is also convinced, as are many other experts on Constitutional law, that this requires the equal treatment of all religions rather than an "impossible" complete separation of church and state, and so he advocates public support for private schools of every denominational or secular affiliation.

He further argues that it is in the Protestant interest to support such proposals. All religious men should cooperate in keeping the United States from becoming completely secularized. This plea is another sign of the realignment of forces in our public life, for Catholics no longer think of themselves as facing a united opposition but are beginning to hope, so far with little sign of success, that they can win Protestantism from what they consider its unholy and disastrous alliance with secularist forces.

TWO further books do a lot to explain the changes we have mentioned. Aaron I. Abell presents much the most complete available account of "**American Catholicism and Social Action**" (Hanover House, $4.95). This is an objective, detailed, and rather tedious volume, which nevertheless effectively demolishes the stereotypical view of Catholic conservatism. With a few glaring exceptions such as the past opposition of most bishops to child-labor laws, the hierarchy has a better record in support of social reforms than do most Protestant denominations. Despite the violently reactionary Archbishop Corrigan of New York, most American bishops supported the workers in the industrial struggle of the late nineteenth century. The "Bishops' Program" of 1919 not only anticipated almost the entirety of the New Deal but went beyond it by advocating that workers "become owners, at least in part of the instruments of production." In the fight for liberal anti-Communist unionism in the 1940s, the Catholic Church was the only outside force of any sort sufficiently close to labor to give effective help. While it is difficult for liberals to remember these facts because of their old prejudices, the undeniable conservatism of most Catholics on some issues, and the recent surge of McCarthyism among Catholics seeking to overcome the onus of an alien minority by hyper-patriotism, it is nevertheless becoming increasingly clear to historians that the socially progressive papal encyclicals of the last seventy-five years and the primarily working-class constituency of the American Church have made it something very different from the bastion of reaction that it is often supposed to be.



Donald Meyer's "**The Protestant Search for Political Realism**" (University of California Press, $6.75) tells the inside theological story of a far more radical and intellectually creative, though smaller and often isolated, social action movement. This may prove to be a definitive account, combining exhaustive scholarship with dramatic and stylistic skill. It describes how the men of the social gospel, passionate believers in the power of Christian love and scientific progress to establish an utterly new order, the Kingdom of God, splintered under the pressure of events and the cruel necessities of political action into pacifists, isolationists, fellow travelers, and, finally, "political realists." These latter, led by Reinhold Niebuhr, did not abandon their reforming zeal and contributed greatly to the nation's political discussions, yet their search for an intellectual basis for action drove them back to Augustine and the Reformers, to Christian traditions more ancient than any leading American theologian had utilized since perhaps Jonathan Edwards.

For the first time in the history of the country the central stream of Protestant thought broke through the identification of Christianity with American ideals. Men were called upon to recognize that God's Word is not to be equated with any nation, culture, or program of reform, but rather is the judge of all; and as a result, though Protestantism is still culture-bound, this is now more a matter of social inertia than of conviction. Its theological leadership is increasingly aware of the primacy of the transcendent dimension of life and so (though the author does not specifically mention this) there is the growing interest which we have described in conversation with Catholics not only about practical issues but also about the central affirmations of the faith.

IN short, a new dialogue is developing, one that does not separate religion from the rest of life, but nevertheless refuses to make it instrumental to human values. At present the conversation is confined to Protestants and Catholics, but we may hope that Jews also will be invited to participate in this supremely important discussion with the other groups who profess to believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

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Freedom for Christendom

By Riley Hughes, *an associate professor of English at Georgetown University whose latest book is "Today and Tradition."*

IT IS becoming apparent, as the church history scholars and even the popularizers engage in the historian's immemorial task of rewriting not so much history as historians, that religious pluralism has a tangible record and that certain pluralistic insights have value in the interpretation of a hitherto rigidly considered past. Such insights belong in part, of course, to the ecumenical strategies of the time, but they serve the time in other ways as well. They focus our attention on the dynamics of power, civil and ecclesiastical, and—again in both areas—of freedom. Eight recent books considered here reflect, variously, our recent concern with such dynamics. And in all of them the theme is freedom.

For Professor Hermann Doerries of Göttingen, in **"Constantine and Religious Liberty"** (Yale, $4), the record of toleration, and in essence the foreshadowing of the modern secular state, began with the Emperor Constantine, who in his Edict of Toleration posed for Christians the issue of the inviolability of "the freedom of personal decision" for pagan and Christian alike, and this as corollary of his earlier Edict of Milan, which "accorded positive favor" to the Church and faith. To the pagans of his empire Constantine in his new edict offered "unrestricted freedom" in their public and private religious lives and in their right to hold public office. Crucial to the author's subtle, complex parable for our times is his argument that Constantine at the same time placed himself not as some third force or skeptical arbiter but as a member of the Christian family who made clear his own "sharp rejection" of the pagan cultus.

M. Henri Daniel-Rops, on the other hand, sees in the Edict of Milan itself, in a pragmatic way, the common protection of paganism and Christianity; he finds in Constantine's own psychology and in the psychology of the masses no pluralist stand-off but, inevitably, "a rapid overthrow of the old pagan forms of worship and the conclusive triumph of the Gospel." Still, in other pages of **"The Church of Apostles and Martyrs"** (Dutton, $10), the newly translated opening volume of a monumental history of which two volumes have already appeared in English, Daniel-Rops takes issue with the inner monologue so often produced by deeply committed Christian historians. He can "pluralize" at least to the extent of reversing one-sided judgments of the past. Of Diocletian he can write: "Christians have maltreated the memory of their last and worst persecutor; but his motives were far from base." Similar precisions and judgments, side by side with Gallic enthusiasms and exclamations, mark the dramatic progress of this account of the Church's struggle for freedom—for itself and for "the renewal of human values"—from its beginnings to the end of the fourth century. While admitting that with the Emperor Theodosius the dangers of "Caesaro-Papism" were beginning, Daniel-Rops sees this emperor's "proclamation of Christianity as the framework of the State" as the herald of a new human freedom.

"The Foundations of Judaism and Christianity," by James Parkes (Quadrangle Books, $6), surveys much of the same world of Christian beginnings as does "The Church of Apostles and Martyrs," but from a strikingly different point of view. For Daniel-Rops the differences that soon arose between "the Jews of the Torah and the Jews of the Cross" came first in a Christian consciousness of additional observances and missionary obligation, even within Christian obedience to the Torah, and then, as a result of these, in an opposition that "was bound to range watchful officialdom against the heirs of a crucified Christ." Dr. Parkes, beginning with a consideration of the common foundation of the faiths of Torah and Cross, goes on to explore the divergences, in their historical and psychological causes, between the two faiths and to show the tragic human consequences of a historical dynamic neither of the two religions could fully control.

One can surely deplore with Dr. Parkes a long history of divergences, misunderstandings, and intolerances for which no Constantinian formula was to provide balance until the time of the modern state and a refinement, in the political order, of a pluralistic polity. There might not be full satisfaction, from either side, with this book's epilogic description of Christianity as "a faith directed by educated clergy" and Judaism as "a practice directed by educated laymen." Such a distinction tends to explain, however, the view Dr. Parkes takes of the Essenes, for this withdrawn and ascetic group of Jews would not seem to fit easily into a clerical-lay duality. That they were, in a real sense, a monastic community is the point of approach of **"The Monks of Qumran,"** by Edmund F. Sutcliffe, S.J. (Newman Press, $5.50). Father Sutcliffe recounts the by now familiar but still exciting story of the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls and then describes the monastic buildings and the doctrinal and liturgical system of the monks. The second half of the book presents the author's translations of the Scrolls. The quest for freedom is dramatized by the tantalizingly incomplete and yet palpable account in the Scrolls of the struggle between the Wicked Priest (whom the author identifies as Jonathan) and the Teacher of Righteousness.

WE are back in the mainstream of history in the pages of **"The Church in Crisis: A History of the General Councils, 325-1870,"** by Philip Hughes (Hanover House, $4.95). Monsignor Hughes is once again, as in his "A Popular History of the Reformation," a briskly cheerful and informative guide to what he calls here the "jungle of events" leading up to and consequent upon the General Councils, which, for all their pivotal importance, have occupied only thirty years in an institutional life of nearly 2,000 years. "The Church in Crisis" considers the twenty ecumenical gatherings of bishops to show how "fundamental, primitive notions developed" and "how all that they seminally contained matured and expanded through the centuries." From the "Great and Holy Synod of Nicea," called in 325 by Constantine, to the Vatican Council of 1870 there has been a vivid contrast between the code of laws developed from the Councils and the sometimes heated and bitter controversies out of which codification grew.

"The legend dies hard," Monsignor Hughes writes, in introducing the fifteenth General Council, "of 'the Middle Ages' as the golden age of the Christian faith, the time when popes gave the law to a lovingly acquiescent Christendom." He goes on to describe the struggles with Catholic princes by popes, some overwhelmed by events and others defeated by their own incompetence. The struggles of many popes with the princes of their own creation, the cardinals, forms a large part of the rather jaunty account of the Sacred College in Glenn D. Kittler's **"The Papal Princes"** (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95). Nepotism's

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golden age and the Renaissance riot of warring ducal houses gleefully packing the College and going off, or rather remaining and swarming over Rome, with the papacy in their pocket, provide the high points for Mr. Kittler, a popular Catholic journalist, in his highly readable, quite selective history. Unfortunately, the space he gives the earlier cardinals who acted as the Church's unofficial wrecking crew precludes more than cursory treatment of the significant, if less colorful, cardinals of more recent times. Interestingly enough, from the measured treatment of Monsignor Hughes and from Mr. Kittler's frenzied one the theme of freedom once more emerges, this time the freedom of the papacy, a matter of more general and common concern in our present context than would have been apparent a generation ago.

The struggle for freedom of the Church from princes has, Helen Iswolsky shows in "**Christ in Russia**" (Bruce, $3.95), always had a unique context in Russia. With a background of doctrine received intact from the first seven ecumenical councils, the Church in Russia followed "almost blindly" the Greek hierarchy's quarrel with Rome, entering, after Byzantium's fall, upon a separate cultural development and a special relationship to the state. It was Peter the Great who ended the Moscow patriarchate (restored in 1917) and forced the Church to govern itself through a synod presided over by a civil official. Thereafter, says Miss Iswolsky, a Russian and a convert to Catholicism from Orthodoxy, the Church "inspired Russia's life not by thundering sermons, not by impressive demonstrations, but by a deep, one might say, God-given prudence." Concerning the interaction of Communism and the Church upon one another, she offers the interesting suggestion that "it is perhaps the Russian Church which, in some almost invisible way, leads Communism against the latter's will to its defeat." More tentatively put, this is the speculative conclusion too in Constantin de Grunwald's "**Saints of Russia**" (Macmillan, $3.50), a study in historical context of the lives of nine Russian saints, from Vladimir to the early nineteenth-century hermit Seraphin of Sarov. With Berdyiaev, Mr. de Grunwald sees hope for "the land of long patience," for it has as its destiny "the quest for social justice and the kingdom of God on earth."

Not until history "has been investigated in its own context," says Doerries, "will it turn its face toward us." History, it appears, hears within a context of patience and wisdom the theme and the hope of freedom.

Existence and Divine Essence

"Judaism: A Portrait," by Leon Roth *(Viking. 231 pp. $4), attempts to capture the living spirit in Judaism from Abraham to Ahad Haam. Meir Ben-Horin is associate professor of education at Dropsie College in Philadelphia and managing editor of Jewish Social Studies in New York.*

By Meir Ben-Horin

LEON ROTH here seeks "to promote fresh thinking on the nature of Judaism and . . . to offer material for reflection on the nature of religion in general." He is eminently successful in both, and his essay on classical Judaism at its best may in time become a classic in itself.

In the first place, this portrait and homily, luxuriantly learned and luminously literary, summarizes an important thinker's reverent yet clear-headed reading of the Jewish mind throughout the ages. It is therefore a document in the intellectual history of the Jewish people.

Secondly, with this book commences the end of a particular episode in that intellectual history: the vogue of mysticism and antirational existentialism in the postwar years.

As Roth has it, it was failure of nerve that prompted the composition and spread of mystical literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and their reappearance from the sixteenth to the eighteenth. "Is it not a similar 'failure of nerve,' coupled with an understandable recrudescence of Messianic enthusiasm, which has caused its revival in our own day?" Some mystical writings of fading interest notwithstanding, Dr. Roth suggests that the mystical notion that human acts affect the divine essence "is as doubtfully Jewish as it is humanely dangerous." And he echoes Leonard Woolf's observation that "the sordid and savage story of history has been written by man's irrationality" while "the thin, precarious crust of civilization . . . has always been built by reason."

Seeing steady and seeing whole the work of Moses Maimonides, medieval Jewry's ranking philosopher-rabbi in the Aristotelian tradition, Roth restores to their place of centrality in Judaism the traditional concepts of intelligence, science, and selfless love. Intelligence is understood as "the likeness of God within us," science is "the use of our human intelligence in order to track out in nature the ways of divine intelligence," and love is recognizing in any man the image of God.

Roth concludes, rather conventionally, with Ahad Haam, Jonah, and Job. This climax, alas, is more whimper than bang, more draw than drive, more hat-in-hand than shoulder-to-the-wheel. Jonah's Whale and Job's Whirlwind, Roth says, are masterpieces of irony, for "irony dares to suggest that received opinion . . . may be wrong." Ironically, Roth himself reaffirms received opinion when he quotes Job's "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." According to some scholarly readers, Job said nothing to comfort the submission-minded. His lines may read, "Though

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PERSONAL HISTORY

The Devout Diarist

"The Third Mystic of Ávila: The Self Revelation of María Vela, a Sixteenth-Century Spanish Nun," *translated by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 289 pp. $4.75), is the diary of the so-called "Strong Woman of Santa Ana." Anne Fremantle has edited numerous Catholic works.*

By Anne Fremantle

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES, researching in the Spanish hill town of Avila, where she was retracing the footsteps of Isabel of Castile (later the wife of Ferdinand of Aragon), got permission to visit the Convent of Santa Ana. There the superior asked her if she had ever heard of the Strong Woman of Santa Ana, and Mrs. Keyes replied, no, she had not. The superior then told her of the Venerable María Vela, called the Strong Woman. This well-born girl had entered the convent at fifteen, and, in spite of terrible ill-health and many persecutions—her judgment and even her veracity were questioned—she made no protest and no outcry. When the news of her mother's death was brought to her she was at the organ, and went quietly on playing until the office was at an end. When her jaws were locked for days, so that she could neither eat nor even take Communion, she fulfilled all her duties. And she kept a diary, never heretofore published, which Mrs. Keyes was allowed to bring to this country, to have transcribed from the original sixteenth-century manuscript, to translate, and to have published.

It is a strange book. Today, when we think we know so much about psychiatry and psychology, it is easy to think of María Vela as just some crazy spinster, whose tremors and levitations were quite obviously manifestations caused by repressions. The locking of her jaws, too, seems often to have disappeared when María Vela was given permission to do what she wanted. But together with these hysterical-seeming symptoms went a curious clarity of mind. God, says María, began giving her the power for the prayer of abstraction. However, María is wary: "The more assurance I received through prayer," she declares, "the more I feared lest I were being deceived or were following my own will, when I found I could not obey." And she knew that many of the nuns in her convent had problems "most of which, I understood, concerned me." Yet so meddlesome and scandalous poor María Vela seemed that the Inquisitor was informed, and she was warned of the reports given him about her.

She did not fly to her own defense; on the contrary, in great humility, she relates that she now began to feel greatly depressed by sadness and a sense of darkness. "It seemed to me that, since so many persons condemned me, I must be guilty without being spiritually capable of realizing this, and, if that were the case, all my striving for perfection was futile. . . ."

Sometimes she behaved outrageously. But, together with temptations and aridity and darkness, she received also what she calls Mercies—such as a yearning for the Creator to be beloved of all His creatures and known and loved for His own sake. There were occasions when she was weary and sleepy, so drowsy she could hardly even think, let alone pray. And at time like these, as she withdrew into herself, she remembered that a child communicates by signs before it learns words, and so she would do with God. As a result, she found herself "so favored and so guarded and so far above all mundane events, that they seemed a thousand leagues away." She came to realize that even when she was drowsy and absent-minded, if her will was steady and in its place, turned towards God, all was well. And sometimes God even made her laugh.

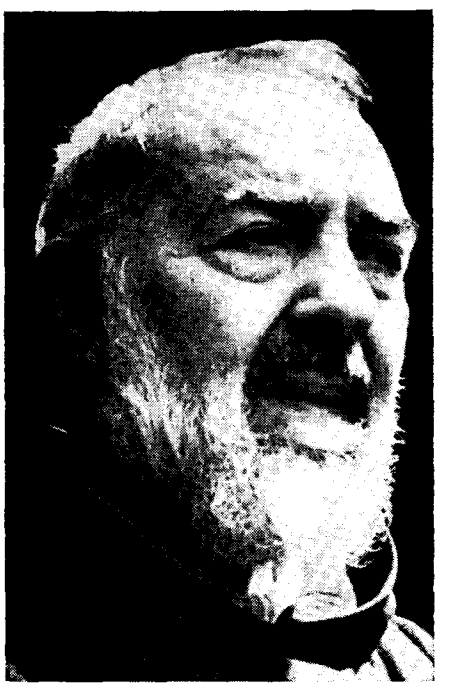
María Vela appears to have been a curious mixture. Evidently a genuine mystic—perhaps not to be compared with Avila's Teresa or John of the Cross—she was at the same time but a very tiresome woman, with her constant querulousness, her meals at odd hours, and her taste for public mortifications. And did she have a stopwatch to time every prayer, every ecstacy?

Miracle in the Monastery

"Padre Pio," by Oscar De Liso *(McGraw-Hill. 233 pp. $4.95), reports on the faith cures effected by the first priest to bear the stigmata. Among Quentin Reynolds's many books is a junior biography, "The Life of Saint Patrick."*

By Quentin Reynolds

HE WAS born Francesco Forgione in the small, impoverished mountain town of Pietrelcina. Today he is known as Padre Pio not only in Italy but throughout the world. He lived in complete obscurity, first as a monk and then as a priest at the Capuchin monastery at San Giovanni Rotondo until 1918. It was then while praying alone in the chapel that he lost consciousness. He was carried to the cell where he slept and doctors were summoned. They were dumbfounded at what they found. The frail priest was bleeding from five wounds (hands, feet, and left side) and there was nothing they could do to stop the flow. He was the first priest in history to have the stigmata —the same wounds Christ suffered on the cross.



Padre Pio — "yet unsanctified saint."

In "Padre Pio," written by Oscar De Liso, an Italian-born American, the fantastic story of the priest and his works is told with skill and restraint. Padre Pio is still alive and blood still seeps from his wounds (two ounces a day come from the gash in his side). Not even modern drugs administered

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by the best doctors in Italy have been able to stop the constant bleeding or close the wounds. No doctor has as yet been able to give a rational explanation of the stigmata. Padre Pio is in constant pain but, weak as he is, he still says daily mass and hears confession from pilgrims who come to him from all over the world.

Oscar De Liso has done a fine research job. About half the book concerns itself with the incredible cures Padre Pio has effected with only faith as his medicine. The author interviewed not only many of those who had been cured but their doctors as well, and never once did he come across a note of skepticism.

Nonsectarian newspapers such as the *Giornale dell' Emilia* of Bologna, *Il Giornale di Sicilia*, and the *Giornalia d'Italia* of Rome, the *Giornale Messaggero Veneto* and *Il Gazzettino* of Venice, and many others sent their alert reporters to prove or disprove reports of the miraculous cures. They found not the slightest bit of evidence that the reports lacked validity. Today Italy accepts Padre Pio as a yet-unsanctified saint and as a healer.

After World War II the late Fiorello La Guardia was in charge of the UNRRA program in Italy. A non-Catholic, he was so impressed by the life and works of the priest that he allotted $340,000 for the building of a hospital at San Giovanni Rotondo. Donations from all over poured in, and today a five-million-dollar, 500-bed hospital (named after La Guardia) stands adjacent to the monastery. Among the many distinguished physicians who spoke at the opening ceremonies was Dwight D. Eisenhower's cardiologist, Dr. Paul Dudley White.

Padre Pio, who has never made any claims that he heals, spoke briefly, ending with the words, "All I do is to bring God to the sick."

The Vatican is always cautious in attributing what might be called supernatural powers to a human being that would qualify him for sainthood. No official statement on Padre Pio has come from the highest Roman Catholic tribunal. However, it is significant that this book bears the imprimatur of Cardinal Spellman, an action he never takes lightly. Skeptics and disbelievers will undoubtedly dismiss this amazing book and say that the five open wounds are merely some unexplained medical phenomenon and that the cures the priest apparently effected are merely coincidences. But Oscar De Liso, to me at least, has proved his case with his thorough documentation to such an extent that the skeptics are in the position of having to prove that he is wrong. This will take some doing.

Mystery of an Enduring Image

"The Prophet From Nazareth," by Morton Scott Enslin *(McGraw-Hill. 256 pp. $4.95), attributes Jesus's impact to his personality rather than to the miraculous. Chad Walsh is the author of the devotional book "Behold the Glory."*

By Chad Walsh

MORTON SCOTT ENSLIN, a distinguished seminary professor and editor of *The Journal of Biblical Literature*, writes with a vividness and literary command very rare in theological circles. His book has the breathless excitement of a good detective story, moving step by step toward a conclusion that only gradually becomes apparent.

Briefly, Professor Enslin takes up where Albert Schweitzer, many decades ago, left off in "The Quest of the Historical Jesus." Schweitzer insisted that Jesus could not be remade into the image of a good, nineteenth-century liberal; that He believed in the catastrophic coming of the Kingdom of God, not in gradual progress. The author of the present book differs from Schweitzer mainly in not holding that Jesus considered Himself the agent or Messiah to bring the new world-order into being. To Professor Enslin, Jesus was a prophet, standing in the long line of Jewish prophetic history: He was certain that the Kingdom of God was literally "at hand," but He counted on God to create and reveal it. Jesus's mission was to prepare people so that they would be able to obtain admission when the Kingdom was supernaturally established.

This was Jesus's central message, the author insists, and He was clearly understood by friend and foe alike. His anxious enemies brought Him to death, and there was no literal resurrection. Then how to account for the enduring sense of His presence and leadership among His followers? Professor Enslin explains it in one word, "personality," a term that sounds like jargon but is not when used in this book. The impact of Jesus's personality has been a stone dropped into a pond; the ripples continue.

This particular reviewer finds that Professor Enslin's theory of Jesus requires a greater act of faith than does traditional Christian theology. In the latter, the "Christ of faith" is not sundered from "Jesus," and the doctrines of the incarnation and resurrection make it easy to think of Jesus Christ as eternally triumphant over death and constantly present as a divine outworking of God's purposes. "The Prophet from Nazareth" explains everything in terms of towering personality and moral and religious grandeur. But though one may register some theological dissents, this is a book that will afford literary delight and spiritual enrichment to men of any religious background or none. Right or wrong, Enslin makes the man Jesus come alive as few writers have been able to do.

Christ, Rheims Cathedral Gable.

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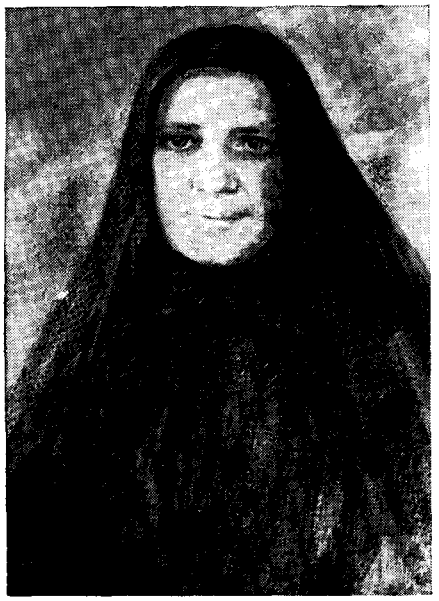

—*Wide World.*

St. Francesca Xavier Cabrini — "a mystic and a tough-minded realist."

FRAGILE, INDESTRUCTIBLE "MOTHER": Like Teresa of Avila, Francesca Xavier Cabrini, "**Immigrant Saint**" (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), was both a mystic and a tough-minded realist. Pietro Di Donato, author of best-seller "Christ in Concrete," recounts her life in careful detail. An epilogue summarizes her canonization proceedings in 1946, when the late Pius XII exalted her charity and labors on behalf of the oppressed and disinherited of many lands.

In 1878 this daughter of Italy founded the Order of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. In 1889 Pope Leo XIII sent her and her Sisters to help the Italian immigrants in New York.

The first U.S. citizen (and still the only one) to become a saint of the Catholic Church dedicated herself, even as a child, to profound religious ideals. Wretched health plagued all sixty-seven years of her life. "The way to Heaven," she once admonished a novice, "is so narrow, so rocky and thorny, that no one can travel up it except by flying. No one can fly, except with wings, and the wings do not attach to the body, but to the spirit." Francesca Cabrini's spiritual wings spread until at the end, wide and strong, they sheltered many thousands of orphans and pupils who called her Mother, and countless sick and maimed who were nursed in the hospitals she founded.

Mr. Di Donato's report of Italian immigrant life in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries is eloquent and, in its realism, appalling. Mother Cabrini and her little band of Sisters flinched from nothing they encountered, although "no descriptions, however horrible, could exaggerate the injustices and miseries the docile Italian immigrants had to undergo." Francesca steeled her daughters to deal courageously and lovingly with the individual and social wounds inflicted on their people in the New World. Journeying to widely separated cities of two continents from New York and New Orleans to Granada and Buenos Aires, following the expanding United States into the West (a hospital in Chicago, a school in Denver for the Italian mining colony, an orphanage in Seattle, where Mother Cabrini became an American citizen), the rapidly growing communities of her spiritual daughters brought healing and hope.

The story of this fragile and indestructible woman, with her martyrdoms and miraculous triumphs, is so fascinating that Mr. Di Donato's occasionally syrupy prose is barely noticeable. After the first chapters on her childhood and early life, this pietistical approach gives way to a more direct and earthy narrative. Eventually a portrait emerges, rather mannered in chiaroscuro and none too subtle in drawing, but a likeness, honest and recognizable, of an extraordinary subject.

—Frances O'Brien.

BLESSING?: To Asians the West's neglect of family life is as unadmirable as our equation of happiness with material wealth. Moreover, Ann Stafford reports in "**Saigon Journey**" (Taplinger, $3.50) our aid is seen as a dubious blessing when given at the expense of Eastern moral and cultural values. Shouldn't we be taking these views into account if we want our aid to succeed in depth?

An English social worker and novelist, Miss Stafford visited Asia on a reportorial mission for the Catholic International Union for Social Service and a lecture tour for the British Council. In Thailand, Cambodia, Indochina, Burma, Pakistan, and India she met women leaders and observed the work of medical missionaries, teachers, social workers, and nurses, both lay and religious. She saw primitive clinics and modern hospitals, academies for fashionable young ladies and classes for ragged waifs held under a bridge. Disease, near-starvation, ignorance, and squalor were all too common, but conditions would be far more tragic without the ministrations of the compassionate. In some cases, at least, the wretched poor now die in dignity and peace of soul.

Miss Stafford draws unforgettable pictures of native nuns such as Mother Teresa's Indian sisters and stresses the desperate need for native laymen like the young volunteers in Karachi's dreadful Slaughterhouse. She mentions an American foundation that trains native social workers on expensive kitchen equipment undreamed of in local slums. In each land the human condition is shown as integral to its distinctive cultural heritage—Pakistan's nurse shortage due to continuance of purdah, Cambodia's impersonal charity because of Khmer family life.

Although "Saigon Journey" is as well a colorful travel guide, equally evocative of Bangkok's steaming, teeming markets and Angkor's templed ruins, the book serves its highest purpose as a guide to those East-West spiritual relations that no foreign-aid administrator should ignore. —Ann F. Wolfe.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MEN WHO

The elections are over, but the echoes of speeches in praise of "the man who" still echo in our ears. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents ten literary titles beginning with these three significant words. All you have to do is match them with their disarranged authors on the right. Answers on page 42.

1. "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven"	( )	Jacob Fisher
2. "The Man Who Was"	( )	Anatole France
3. "The Man Who Never Was"	( )	Paul Green
4. "The Man Who Never Changed"	( )	Robert A. Heinlein
5. "The Man Who Died at Twelve O'Clock"	( )	Victor Hugo
6. "The Man Who Died Twice"	( )	Rudyard Kipling
7. "The Man Who Laughs"	( )	Ewen Montagu
8. "The Man Who Saw Wrong"	( )	E. A. Robinson
9. "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"	( )	John Selby
10. "The Man Who Sold the Moon"	( )	Wilbur Daniel Steele

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The Phenomenology of Faith

"Radical Monotheism and Western Culture: With Supplementary Essays," by H. Richard Niebuhr *(Harper. 144 pp. $2.75),* ***"The Coming Reformation," by Geddes MacGregor*** *(Westminster. 160 pp. $3.50),* ***"New Accents in Contemporary Theology," by Roger Hazelton*** *(Harper. 140 pp. $3), and* ***"Making the Ministry Relevant," edited by Hans Hofmann*** *(Scribners. 168 pp. $3.50), exemplify trends in contemporary Christian thinking. An associate professor of modern church history at Yale, Sydney E. Ahlstrom has published in the field of religious thought and American church history.*

By Sydney E. Ahlstrom

THE AWESOME fact of time first bore down on this reviewer through some lines of Robinson Jeffers. On the inside cover of an old college notebook, which—defying time—is still filling various uses, these lines remain: ". . . rock splits, records fall down, / The square-limbed Roman letters/ Scale in the thaws, wear in the rain . . ." Since then the reasons for speaking warily of permanent additions to literature have grown stronger, yet one fact about the four books here under review persists: only one bears the promise of longevity. Students and professors, theologians, scientists, and social theorists will be reading H. Richard Niebuhr's "Radical Monotheism" for years, illicitly underlining library copies, or finding applications they did not expect from a theologian, or honoring it with criticism and attack. Longevity, of course, is not the only criterion of excellence; this morning's *New York Times* is not condemned by the unlikelihood of its being on a library reserve-shelf a decade from now. Niebuhr's book, nevertheless, provides categories for considering the others.

"Categories" in this case is a good word, for this very term, hallowed by Aristotle and Immanuel Kant, suggests one of Niebuhr's richest and most lasting contributions to the theological enterprises, ethical thinking, and historical interpretation. This interest in classification is, in his case, rooted in the methodological controversies out of which arose the magisterial works of Ernst Troeltsch and Max Weber among others. Whether Niebuhr is speaking on "the social sources of denominationalism" or the changing American conceptions of the Kingdom of God or the possible orientations of the Church to the World, he makes distinctions that hold their ground and facilitate further thought. They are presented, moreover, with a lucidity, a humility, and an evocative play of imagination that sometimes veils their depth or their almost Aristotelian finality. On the other hand, they entail the danger that readers will fill them with unintended content or become preoccupied merely with making formal refinements.

Niebuhr analyzes theology itself with a view to developing theological reflections on civilization, particularly in its political and scientific aspects. In doing this he manifests a deepening regard for the method of Schleiermacher by emphasizing the need for reasoning in faith and about faith. "God is the ultimate object of [the theologian's] inquiry, but, of course, God as present to faith." Theology relates to faith as does literary criticism to poetry. Faith he then defines as confidence and fidelity: "trust in that which gives value to the self; . . . loyalty to what the self values." Niebuhr thus opens up the range of his inquiry, because every sentient person trusts and is loyal to one or more seats of value; but he also makes some crucial distinctions and defines three types of faith.

Henotheism is "the historically and biographically primitive form of faith" wherein some group, large or small, is the source of value, with extreme nationalism as a prime example and the family, tribe, "church," class, human community, or even Albert Schweitzer's "community of all that lives" as other instances. When social faiths die, a few brave and critical souls may substitute the self for society, as in Epicureanism and existentialism; but a degeneration into pluralism is more likely. "When the half-gods go minimal gods arrive." *Polytheism* is the faith of those who have many sources of value and many "causes" to inspire loyalty, with each supreme in a sphere of its own.

Radical monotheism is known more as hope than as datum since Judaeo-Christian monotheism has usually been compounded with henotheistic and polytheistic motifs. Ideally, however, "[its] value center is neither a closed society nor the principle of such a society but the principle of being itself"; or put otherwise, "confidence in cosmic

(*Continued on page* 40)

—*From "Chagall". (George Braziller, Inc.)*

"Moses and the Tables of the Law," by Marc Chagall.

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The Fact of China

"CAN YOU tell us," the reporter asked, "why nothing is said in the United States about the Chinese atrocities against Tibetans? Why are you concealing the news? Why is so little known in America about the Chinese invasion of India's territory?"

I told the reporter that I was unaware of any deliberate attempt by the American press to keep unfavorable news from the American people about anything that concerned Communists or Communism anywhere in the world.

The reporter was unsatisfied.

"If I may say so without being impolite," he continued, "you have missed my question. Here in India we are fully informed about the terrible things China has been doing in Tibet. I can show you pictures of Chinese atrocities. We also know that Chinese soldiers are occupying Indian soil. Why do you persist in ignoring things of such importance to India?"

So far as I knew, I said, there was no paucity of news in the U.S. about India's border dispute with China. As for the latter part of his question, I suggested that he need not feel that India was being singled out for special inattention. India was not the only place in the world where important events were happening that were not fully followed or understood in the United States. Our lack of information was not confined; in fact, it was rather comprehensive.

The reporter stood his ground and expressed the hope that the situation might be corrected.

What is most significant about this exchange is that it took place in India. Five years ago, when I had last visited India, I would have been startled by any question implying condemnation of Communist China. At that time, the events in China were exciting the imaginations of many Indians, especially journalists and university people. Today, there is the most profound uneasiness about Chinese expansionism. The people of India are hurt and angered by China's violation of the centuries-old tradition of friendship between the two nations.

Prime Minister Nehru, whose foreign policy opinions usually have the effect of ending a debate rather than starting

one, is himself the subject of considerable controversy today because of his handling of the border dispute with China. Some critics contend that his early policy of moderation and conciliation was misinterpreted by the Chinese as weakness, with the result that China decided to pursue what she considered to be an opening. The Prime Minister's defenders argue that it was entirely in character with India's historical experiences for Mr. Nehru to approach the problem against the background of the traditional amity between the two peoples. In any case, the Prime Minister is under severe pressure on this issue.

Meanwhile, throughout Southeast Asia today, there is a growing sense of foreboding about China. Burma, like India, has had boundary difficulties with its northern neighbor. Indonesia, in common with other nations in the area, has long been troubled by the fact that a large part of its Chinese population pursues the dual citizenship concept; that is, most Chinese accept Indonesian citizenship but retain their old citizenship as well. Many of them want to be buried with their ancestors in the homeland. Now that China has become dynamic and expansionist, the once-latent problem of dual citizenship becomes insistent and potentially explosive.

THE towering fact that throws the longest shadow, of course, is the matter of Chinese population growth. Within twelve to fifteen years China will become the first nation in history to number 1,000,000,000 people. There is not enough arable land in China today to feed its present population of 650,000,000, much less an expanded one. Every nation having common borders with China, or that has borders with nations that border on China, is thinking somberly today about the implications of living space for upwards of 350,000,000 more Chinese. The fact of current drastic food shortages in China tends to hone the edge of apprehension.

Several years ago, a traveler in Southeast Asia would hear vivid accounts of agricultural progress and folk art festivals in China. Today, most of the reports one hears—whether from returning diplomats or members of delegations or refugees—tell of hunger or strain or drastic punishment for deviators. The resolute attempt to superimpose the system of communes on Chinese society has fallen far short of the goal. Family life has been chilled by the mandatory obligations to communal projects. A quality of drabness has entered everyday living.

One stark fact emphasized by most visitors returning from China is of direct

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concern to the American people. This has to do with the consuming hatred felt by the Chinese for the United States. Few nations in history have been more deeply hated than is the United States today by China. The United States is regarded as the nation that has compelled their country to divert a large part of its economic program into defense. The United States is taxed with the responsibility for equipping and maintaining the Chinese Nationalists. The United States is seen as the culminating force of almost two centuries of Western imperialism. The United States is viewed as the arrogant outsider who presumes to tell the Chinese people what government they must establish. The United States is despised for being the first nation in human history to devise an atomic bomb and use it against a civilian population. In fine, the United States is regarded as the enemy.

Do these facts point to an inconsistency? If the people of Communist China are now undergoing severe strain, then should they not welcome outside opposition to their government? The answer is that, while there may be growing disenchantment in China with the Communist leaders, there is also the feeling that the United States is guilty of immoral interference with Chinese affairs and that, indeed, the United States has upset the economic and social program by forcing the government to make security the prime concern.

Meanwhile, Communist China may now be only a matter of months away from the successful development of its first atomic bomb. When this happens, few of the prime facts which are now supposed to underlie the American policy on national security will make any sense. Cozy phrases such as "stabilized deterrents" will be revealed for the academic nonsense they have been all along. It is absurd to talk about a nuclear "deterrent" with respect to a nation that may burst wide open at the seams in a dozen years because of surplus population. The Chinese Communist leaders have openly said they are prepared to lose three or four hundred million people in a major war.

It is no secret that the Russian leaders, who are no less mindful of the implications of Chinese expansionism than any of the Southeast Asian nations, and who have stern ideological differences with the Chinese, have been eager to establish an effective world ban on nuclear weapons before China gets the bomb. Whether it is now too late to accomplish this purpose, it is difficult to say. One thing, however, is certain. Every day's delay adds to the peril. Those who persist in believing that under no circumstances should the U.S. take part in an attempt to put an end to the world arms race may be setting the stage for the gravest situation of uncertainty and national jitters the United States has ever faced. The fundamental fact of our national life is that the basic security of the United States rests on the control of force in the world rather than on the accumulation of force. So far, we have failed to recognize this fact. As a result, as we enter the year 1961 we have never been more powerful or more insecure.

The trouble with past American policy on Communist China is the same as it has been with almost every other trouble zone in the world, whether it goes by the name of Laos or Korea or Germany or the Congo or any other. The pieces of our policy do not seem to belong to an organic whole. There is no grand design, no sense of the whole into which the parts must fit, no basic commitment to an idea that is concerned not just with our own safety but with the need to rescue the world from its dominant condition of anarchy, hunger, and deprivation.

Whether Communist China comes into the United Nations is of lesser importance than the kind of U.N. she would come into. Only as the United Nations is developed into an organization capable of attending to the main survival problems of mankind is there any possibility that the recurrent crises can be reduced or dispatched. The greatest function of a national foreign policy in our age is to help create a stage for world justice and law to which the nation itself would become subordinate. Leadership in that direction may speak to the human condition. The human condition is what counts.

—N.C.

Comforts of Granite

By Hayden Carruth

COMFORTS of granite, lichened and silvery as plush
Warming a paisley hill, or else the corn
In juba raised, soprano seven o'clock
Of an August morning drenched in dew, or else—
When I am old I'll say these were a world.
See how the light in my remembrance hums
With gnatlike tensions where the willows burn
Bronzen in noon. And more, more. The lost boy
Whose felt simplicities create the land,
Our land, kneels in his dark corner, takes
A quaint brown volume from the shelf of home,
Meaningless now, the dear and envied Greek.
I think I articled my works and days
For honest poems built to an honest land,
But some plowed beach and some the asphalt yard,
And who grew least it's difficult to say.
Measure us now, old earth. Renunciations
Bloom in the wisdom of a failed desire,
Autumnal failure looming forever now.
Something there is Novembers us and lays
The shriveling memories blackly at our feet.
Seconds puke with change. The highway's cord,
The suburb's fishnet spread—entelechies
Extending, searching, strangling, burying.

Land was like an intuition of history,
Mysterious as a navel, mostly hidden,
Ballast fuel in the mind's deep bunkers.
Grown up half way or less, I knew the change,
A sister crying somewhere in the sky;
But I forgot—experience possesses
Its innate anesthesia. So I have heard
Others remark before me, other survivors,
Enemies and friends. Fa la, fa la,
Henceforth I shall recite in gaudy tones
My chansons to the god of cities, fa la!
Though I can hear my old black mongrel Jock
Barking somewhere on the other side of the woods.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PRESIDENTIAL Q & A

ROSCOE DRUMMOND's interesting discussion of Presidential press conferences and television [*SR*, Feb. 11] was a good job on an important subject.

Mr. Drummond did an injustice, however, to former President Hoover in discussing White House conference techniques. Mr. Drummond wrote: "Under President Hoover the 'White House spokesman' was abolished. But other restrictions were added. All questions had to be submitted in advance in writing."

Mr. Drummond was mistaken to this extent: No restrictions were added. The written question was imposed during the Harding Administration when that President achieved a notable boo-boo in attempting to handle an oral question. President Coolidge continued and abused the written question requirement. Mr. Hoover simply carried on with it. He did not invent it.

LYLE C. WILSON,
Vice President,
United Press International.
Washington, D. C.

ITALY'S CENTENNIAL

AS A NEW IMMIGRANT from Italy, I enjoyed and admired your special issue on "One Hundred Years of Italy" [*SR*, Feb. 11]. It's a masterpiece. Thanks to the editors, and sincere congratulations for such a glorious homage to Dante's land.

IVO VON KIRSCHEN.
Louisville, Ky.

BATTLE PLANS

AS A SOUTH CAROLINIAN transplanted to Brooklyn, I wish to endorse John Ciardi's forceful statement on Jim Crow [*SR*, Feb. 9].

The average educated Northerner is of the opinion that the Supreme Court has spoken and that the Southern Negro's problem is therefore largely solved. He is unaware that anything further need be done. He is unaware that historically the South has moved in regard to the Negro only under duress.

Who now must bring the pressure needed for immediate action? Northerners. Were the national professional associations located in the North to take strong action, we would see Negro doctors admitted to Southern hospitals, Negro lawyers engaged in wider practice, Negro librarians and teachers assigned to now white libraries and schools, and vice versa. Were Northern and Western colleges to deny the right of admission to graduates of segregated colleges, every college in the South would integrate its facilities, for Southern colleges know that a host of their graduates wish to pursue postgraduate and professional study in the great universities away from home. Were national trade unions to eliminate race discrimination, countless jobs would be opened to qualified Negro workers. Were a general economic boycott of Southern goods to take place, Southern industry would rapidly change its employment policy.

When the Mississippi River disastrously overflows its banks, neither the South nor the North says, "This is a local problem. Let the South take care of it." The entire nation pitches in and does something. As Mr. Ciardi points out, the present situation is considerably more perilous than any flood. The Supreme Court can only interpret the Constitution. It is up to every American to see that the interpretation is carried out.

The people north of the Mason and Dixon line must awake to their heavy responsibility. These Negroes are American citizens, not merely Southern citizens.

RICE ESTES.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOHN CIARDI's article has helped me decide not to renew my subscription. . . .

RICHARD A. HINMAN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN CIARDI's article "Jim Crow Is Treason" is the clearest statement of America's position in the world conflict that I have seen. . . .

C. S. PAYNE.
Canisteo, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"One more thing, Mr. Webster. How do I find a word when I don't know how to spell it?"

DIAGNOSIS AND CURE

PERMIT ME TO express my appreciation for James F. Fixx's editorial "Postscript to Disaster" [*SR*, Jan. 28]. It is a very good case for problems of safety facing all of us, and especially those of us with responsibilities as lawmakers.

While the Federal Government is spending millions on research into various crippling and killing diseases, the United States Public Health Service is spending only around a million a year on research in the accident prevention field, although accidents of all types are the third-leading cause of death, exceeded only by cancer and heart disease and various diseases of the circulatory system.

Witnesses which I heard in 1959 as chairman of the Subcommittee on Health and Safety said that the quickest and surest way to reduce the annual highway accident toll of 38,000 dead and nearly 5,000,000 injured is by building safer automobiles. A list of nine safety features which doctors feel should be built into our passenger automobiles was submitted by the American Medical Association. Properly installed seat belts, if used, would save at least 5,500 lives a year, we were told. Manufacturers at least could provide built-in attachments for these belts to encourage their installation and use. As pointed out by the Secretary of Commerce in a report to Congress two years ago, the states could force the manufacturers to install these and other needed safety features.

If the states do not act, the public will demand federal action.

KENNETH A. ROBERTS,
Congressman, 4th District, Alabama.
Washington, D. C.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Bacchanal in Brazil

IF THERE is anyone in the house entertaining thoughts about attending the carnival in Rio next year, I would strongly suggest going into training now. Long walks in the country. An hour or two of roadwork every morning. Vitamin pills and steaks, and eight hours every night. I'm not at all convinced that the *Cariocas*, as the citizens of Rio are called, follow this regimen, although, it is quite true, one can observe them on Copacabana Beach in almost any season, performing calisthenics, kicking footballs through goalposts, batting balls back and forth with paddles, and flying kites. If this is not the secret, then I am at a loss to comprehend their endurance, for I stayed with them for four days of this marathon bacchanal. At the end of it I was a nerve-shattered basket case and, although Rio was quiet on Ash Wednesday, at least its citizens were, in the main, ambulatory.

The first stirrings of carnival were in the air when we blew into Rio from Brasilia early one Saturday evening. Varig's spiffy Caravel had been sold out for weeks and the passengers at Brasilia, 600 miles away in the northern wilds, boarded it as if it were the last plane to the free world.

Avenida Rio Branco in downtown Rio was already fluttering with pennants known to the *Cariocas* as the "governor's washline." Up from the sidewalk to our eighth-floor quarters in the Copacabana Palace came the ruffle of drums and whistles. On the curbside a street parade was forming and the dancing began—the shoeless and the young, the colored and the white and the shades between. An ancient lady fifty yards from the crowd, in a lonesome reverie, began a ceremonial strut. A blond barefoot boy of fifteen skidded under the legs of a straw-hatted Sportin' Life who was doing vaudeville routines between the parked cars. And out of the canyons came the rumble of a trolley car carrying its own drum band on board.

At eleven that night we ran a narrow gauntlet from the door of the Copacabana Palace along the street to its ballroom next door. The police had erected barricades and we slid through single file, like a football team going on field. The crowd pressed close to see the costumes and the faces, and some of them let fly with spray bottles of perfumed ether. The Copa's ballroom was a frenzy of people, costumes, floodlights, and photographers. A man dressed as a delicate tree hid in a corner to protect the fragile branches until judging time. Another entrant, in his own version of "Around the World in Eighty Days," was having a hard time keeping his balloon aloft, suspended, as it was, on willowy reed struts. But this was only the sideshow. The ball was erupting on the floor above. Now at last there was music as well as drums, and the serenade of the sambas that had been written expressly for this year's carnival and that would last for four days, began in earnest. "*Lua, oh, lua . . .*," sang the crowd, running the lyrics of a love song to the moon. "Nobody can cheat you, moon, because you belong to everyone." And then "E Agora," a sad lament. "I came to your door and knocked on it. But you didn't answer and I had to sleep on the sidewalk all night. What now? What now?"

NOT all the songs run like ballads or blues. Some are reflective of the biting satire of the *Cariocas*, remindful, in their brash lack of awe of their government, of the celebrated satirists of Berlin. The smash hit, played over and over again, came on like tom-toms, and had to do with the presidential family and the capital's move to the interior, a land peopled by savage Indians. The song, called "Indian Wants Whistle," was born of a rude story about the presidential family, and it mattered not a whit that the melody came thumping out of the orchestra pits all week long, nor that all Brazilians were singing it at lung's limit.

—*Varig.*

Carioca in carnival—"the thunder rose like a prolonged storm."

In dress, the celebrants could be divided into three classes: those who went for the prizes, those who went in costumes that were suited for frolic, and the observers, those who came in tuxedos and short ball-gowns. The second category predominated, with this year's vogue running toward gladiators and other assorted Romans, doubtless inspired by "Ben-Hur," "Spartacus," and other cultural influences. Arabs were a *cruzeiro* a dozen, but the only singular one was the chap who embroidered his Arab sheet with a gold Star of David. Ladies' costumes ran to slaves, with long strings of chains and wide gold arm bracelets, to Tyrolean lederhosen, and to Pierrette and geisha costumes that went as far as the hips and ended in tights and long-net stockings. Before the ball was over there was a brawl and the police moved in to calm the customers and expel a few types from the premises, notably one who wore a prison garb and labeled himself Chessman. It was a grand success.

By noon the next day, when we were rolling through the city en route to Petropolis, the mountain summer home of Brazilian emperors, the streets were already crowded with celebrants moving and circling to the drum beats and the whistles. Far out into the suburbs lone gladiators or devils waited silently in costume at the bus stops, either just coming home or just going to town. The new highway was closed—almost everything closes for carnival—so we went over the old mountain road that runs through a near-jungle land of ferns and bamboo, banana fronds and white lilies. The hillsides were beginning to turn yellow with *ipe* and purple with *quaresma*, which is the word for Lent, like the blossoms, just around the corner.

PETROPOLIS, with its lovely villas, shoulder to shoulder along the narrow brown brook, was a frenzy of Sunday activity. A sextet dressed as executioners, in scarlet pointed headdress and black tights, marched across the vermilion bridges left over from the empire. Tyroleans of both sexes were everywhere. The Quintandinha, a mammoth hotel built in the early Forties and decorated by Dorothy Draper, was overrun with children in costume attended by panting parents. Pint-sized rabbits, cats, small ballerinas and bears were everywhere, growing up in the frantic tradition. By eleven that night, the youngsters were sleeping off their afternoon binge, but their parents were only just getting warmed up in the

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enormous hall, which until 1946, when a new president changed the old law, was one of the biggest gambling casinos in the world. The adult celebrants were filtered twice through a narrow iron-pipe passageway barely large enough to allow one person to squeak through. At the second filter a policeman frisked the men to see if they were carrying cans of perfumed ether spray, which in Petropolis, unlike in Rio, which is in the state of Guanabara, is against the law.

Apparently the ladies carried the contraband, because sprays of ether streamed steadily through the air, many of them aimed at bare midriffs and other inviting targets. The wounded would find themselves suddenly needled by an icy spray. What wasn't sprayed for fun was doused on handkerchiefs, on shirttails, and on the ends of tablecloths and inhaled in earnest. The effect was a quick and brief passage to purple oblivion, and a return in a minute or so, refreshed and exhilarated and full of poppy dreams. Whether it was the ether, or the music or the pure exhilaration of second night, the crowd that filled the floor sang, danced, and stomped until the thunder rose like a prolonged storm. On came the tom-toms of "Indian Wants Whistle" and the baying call of "*Lua, Oh, Lua.*" Girls in wisps of clothes and tremendous headdresses lifted their arms in the carnival posture, rather like Ike in a parade, and danced madly on the tables. Two orchestras alternated and the music was uninterrupted for five hours. Utterly imperturbable waiters served supper, and finally the costumed entrants, trying for the prizes, were paraded across a narrow gangway suspended above the stage. The first of them, dressed as Isabel, Queen of Portugal, wore a robe so heavy with metal braid, so wide with hoops that she had to be lifted by attendants and set in place on the runway, like an obese arthritic emperor out of the Dark Ages. It drew hoots and hollers from the irreverent crowd massed on the chairs and tables below. By now only a few were still standing on the floor.

THE next day the crowd was back in Rio resting up for the Municipal Theatre Ball. It drew 7,500 guests who filled the floor, stuffed the boxes, and sat on the staircases and, finally, in the corridors themselves. Sambas and marches once more rent the air without interruption and the dancers strutted through the rhythms. Said an American visitor to an American girl, "Would you mind doing an old-fashioned American samba with me?" *Cariocas* dance their samba rolling from side to side, a motion which has no

(*Continued on page* 59)

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Film Actor Prepares

WHENEVER David Susskind is in a mood to disparage Hollywood, which is fairly often, his favorite whipping boy is Tony Curtis. "Yes, but *Tony Curtis!*" he will say, with the inflection that once drove Sonny Tufts from the screen. For Mr. Susskind, Curtis is obviously a symbol —the overpaid, underbright, strictly no-talent kid to whom, on occasion, Hollywood opens its golden doors. It would be foolish to pretend that those occasions do not exist. Indeed, with no strain whatsoever I could prepare a list of ten or a dozen studio-confected luminaries completely appropriate to Mr. Susskind's purpose. But Tony Curtis's name would not be on it.

Curtis is a rarer phenomenon, an authentic screen personality who, through hard work, has made himself into an actor. Like his idol, Cary Grant, he was discovered by the fans; they spotted him in tiny roles in obscure Universal films, and wanted more. The studio obliged—with a succession of stereotyped parts that would have swamped anyone less serious and ambitious. In film after shallow film he played the cocky, fast-talking youngster who knew all the angles; or an unlikely desert hero in Universal's standard sex-and-sand spectacles, with the lilt of New York's lower East Side apparently forever ingrained in his speech patterns.

And then the unexpected happened. Curtis began to reach out for better parts, frequently leaving his contract lot to get them. At first, in films like "Houdini," one could only say that the lad was trying. But "Sweet Smell of Success" suggested that behind the fresh face and easy smile lay a real talent for projecting a role—provided the role was there to begin with. His subsequent work in "The Defiant Ones" and "The Rat Race" afforded ample confirmation (as does what I have seen of "The Outsider," in which Curtis plays the ill-fated Marine hero Ira Hayes). Meanwhile, his sense of farce comedy timing has been sharpened with "Some Like It Hot" and "Operation Petticoat."

For all his variety, I am not prepared to state that Curtis is (or will ever be) ready to step into Alec Guinness's shoes. Guinness, as Kenneth Tynan once so ably pointed out, has the rare ability to submerge himself in whatever role he plays; whereas Curtis is always very much Curtis. Despite this limitation, however (and the major part of his limitation, I suspect, lies in his speech), he has pushed far beyond the ordinary star personality. Intelligent, well coordinated, he seems close to achieving what he set out to do five or six years ago—transforming himself into an actor of considerable subtlety and some breadth.

The occasion for all this is Tony Curtis's new film, "**The Great Imposter**," based on Robert Crichton's account of the incredible doings of Ferdinand Demara. It is a picture that both accentuates Curtis's skill and defines his limitations. Demara, of course, is the rogue who switched identities again and again, and invariably managed to acquit himself brilliantly in whatever career he assumed. In person, he is a large, bland, nondescript individual, the sort of man you might pass a dozen times a day without a second thought or a second glance. Curtis, on the other hand, with his dark good looks and trim bearing, commands attention. No matter what he does to impersonate Demara—and he does plenty—he is unable to submerge his own identity. It is a triumph of miscasting; not, alas, a triumph *over* miscasting.

Accepting that, however, there is still the fascination of seeing this young actor sustain a variety of moods (or, more literally, a variety of roles) for almost two hours. Schoolteacher, army private, Marine officer, postulant, prisoner, prison supervisor, naval surgeon —Curtis tackles them all with supreme self-confidence and with neat shifts of balance from dead seriousness to free-wheeling farce comedy. Certainly no Method actor, he seems able to imagine himself into each of these guises and situations; and has developed the technique to make them appear authentic sides of the Curtis personality. And this, I submit, is the prime requisite of screen acting. Unlike the stage, where illusion is built through externals, the camera peers beneath the skin, searching out the twitch, the tic, the glance that reveals all. In the theater, the actor *becomes*; on the screen, the actor *is*.

It would be misleading to close on the impression that in "The Great Imposter" Tony Curtis gives a virtuoso performance, that he has suddenly acquired the weight of an Olivier or the polish of a Guinness. As directed by Robert Mulligan, the film is a pleasant, lighthearted chronicle of an extraordinary character. But Demara's many facets afford Curtis a rare opportunity to demonstrate what movie acting is all about—and Curtis shows that he has learned well. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Art Without Isms

NEW YORK's midwinter art season has been memorable this year for two outstanding one-man shows by American painters—the retrospective exhibition of Edwin Dickinson at the Graham Gallery and the survey of Mark Rothko's work at the Museum of Modern Art, both to remain on view until March 12. The fact that these two events—and events indeed they are—occur simultaneously is not an adequate reason to compare them. But because I personally was so moved by both experiences, I find myself wondering whether some common denominator can explain the intensity of my reactions. And I end up realizing it is precisely because these men are in no way similar, for that matter in no way identified with any "ism" or school but entirely products of their own vision, that they seem unique and special.

The experience of completely losing oneself in an exhibition is rare; for this to happen twice in less than a month is almost unprecedented. Having long admired both painters, I was still forcibly struck by the power of their cumulative work. To see the long sequence of a man's history in one place at one time is the ultimate test, and a challenge only great artists can survive.

The fact that one man paints huge canvases, the other more often pictures of modest dimensions, is of no importance, nor does it matter that Rothko's work is nonobjective while Dickinson's is concerned with more tangible images. None of this matters. What does matter is that each, in his own specific way, makes an authentic statement about life with such conviction and insight that the statement takes on far more than personal meaning.

At the Rothko exhibition, fifty-odd canvases from the last fifteen years pack a dramatic, almost apocalyptic blow. At once glowing, glowering, somber, radiant, and tragic, these paintings are involved with the whole gamut of human experience. Their ebb and flow, not unlike the flux of ocean tides, conjure up hidden ancestral, even atavistic memories. Relying entirely on poignant juxtapositions of color, the paintings kindle a variety of emotions as they merge our conscious reactions with more instinctual impulses.

In searching for an image in Rothko's work, one should remember that here *the painting itself is the image*. And here also one senses that emptiness does not necessarily result from elimination of elements important to some artists and superfluous to others. Were this the case, Saenredam's purest compositions might say less than Jan Steen's crowded ones, or Brancusi's abbreviations less than Bourdelle's ornamental figures. I once heard Rothko comment that to give up all conventional symbols is to gain in the presentation of human values. Overfamiliar signs, it is true, can lose their original potency as they become worn-out bromides, no longer able to excite intense participation. And for me the experience of "seeing" Rothko's paintings is more related to participation than to objective looking. Somehow one feels enclosed by them, not as an observer but as an active contributor, drawing from one's own resources in order to penetrate their secrets. Though very large, the paintings are curiously scaled to human consumption, for, as distillations of human experience, it is their intensity, not their size, that counts.

Edwin Dickinson, born in 1891, twelve years earlier than Rothko, is seen at the Graham Gallery in a retrospective show that goes back to 1914 and includes more than 150 works. Here one can compare his early compositions, many of them large, involved, and enigmatic, with the more diffident, yet often more evocative later paintings and with his extraordinary self-portraits. These statements about himself probe with eyes both merciless and compassionate, recalling earlier artists like Munch and Van Gogh who also recorded their own haunted images. And as for Dickinson's fragmentary landscapes of sea, sand, trees, and land, which at first glance may seem tentative, only slowly to emerge as whole small worlds—nothing could be more puzzling, for merely the slightest twist of mind, the most elusive tilt of vision, are what keep these familiar scenes from becoming too familiar. Fortunately Dickinson is able to impart his own personal brand of magic to simple objects, transforming colloquialisms into the wonders of nature. As summations of land, sea, and sky, these paintings have an urgency belied by their restraint. To see them as tenuous sketches is deceptive for, like Rothko, Dickinson often needs little to

—Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsen V. Wood.

Edwin Dickinson's "Self-Portrait in Uniform" (1946).

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A. Fischer "Off-Broadway"—Borkh, Dunn—Novelties

"OFF-BROADWAY," musically speaking, extends from MacMillan Theatre (on the Columbia University campus) on the north to the New School on the south, with Kaufman Auditorium of the YMHA, Grace Rainey Rogers auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum, and Washington Irving High School on the periphery. The last of these merited attention recently as the scene of the first New York recital of the Hungarian pianist Annie Fischer, whose debut with the Cleveland Orchestra earlier in February left a somewhat equivocal impression.

There was nothing in the least equivocal about the musical projection Miss Fischer provided in such works as the E major (Opus 109) Sonata of Beethoven and the F minor (Opus 5) Sonata of Brahms. Each had dimensions, proportion, style, and content, a sense of purpose and fulfillment which are the property only of the musical elite. The net of it would seem to be that Miss Fischer has no insurmountable problem in disciplining such music: her problem is one of self-discipline, which was much better solved in this modest auditorium on the perimeter of New York musical life than it had been in Carnegie Hall, which is its dead center.

However, the qualities that Miss Fischer showed in her warmly imaginative, structurally sound projection of the E major Beethoven merit a further, more extensive acquaintance. She is a performer with ultimate objectives, and these are not the most amenable to human limitations. But the curve of meaning, the arch of design she realized from the opening prestissimo through the succeeding andante to the culminating filigree of the variations are rare enough to call for an encore. Stylistically, the Brahms was comparably secure and purposeful; but her pursuit of power was not always accompanied by dead-center aim.

At his recent appearance with the New York Philharmonic Leon Fleisher tried on the many-textured coat of Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" and found it a rather loose fit. This is by no means unusual, for other pianists who appraise it in terms of superficial effect (which Fleisher in company with Thomas Schippers, who conducted, certainly enjoyed with his Friday afternoon audience) fall similarly short of realizing all there is in it. Fleisher's approach to its "popular appeal" ran to extremes—the fast parts too fast, the slow parts too slow. (Perhaps he deemed it more Paganini, less Rachmaninoff.) The brio, the soaring excitement and abundant sentiment which, together, make a re-creation of this work worthy of its creator were labored over, simulated, but rarely realized. Schippers's direction of the orchestral score (like the preceding "Tannhäuser" overture of Wagner and the following "Concerto for Orchestra" of Bartók) was well acted.

As Inge Borkh has demonstrated in concert with Dimitri Mitropoulos (and in a recording with Fritz Reiner), she is the best Elektra for the Strauss-Hofmannsthal music drama that the operatic world presently provides. And Frances Yeend, who shared those performances with her, is also an excellent Chrysothemis. But the sum of their efforts in the recent revival at the Metropolitan directed by Joseph Rosenstock was something less than known singing capacity plus visual presence would have suggested. The unknown, or *x* factor, which failed to balance the equation was Rosenstock himself.

To be sure, there was a clamor of audience acclaim at the end—something which Strauss himself provided in the tightening tensions culminating in Elektra's demonic dance after nearly two hours of music. Rosenstock provided an adequate outburst of orchestral sound for this climax, as he had intermittently before, but the close knowledge of texture, the intimate acquaintance with the score's dynamic ebb and flow, the skill in bridging the valleys between the emotional peaks were well below the Metropolitan standard of Reiner and Bodanzky, or of the concert hall performances that have been heard here from Mitropoulos and Rodzinski.

With her known vocal capacities (which include the ability to sustain an appealing lyric line as well to deliver the dramatic outcries impressively) Miss Borkh should have been a more compelling figure than she was. Charge this to lack of impulse in two respects: the overcautious musical direction of Rosenstock and the fluttery staging of Michael Manuel. Her reliance on makeup, stagey gestures, and a wierdly inept dance (part goose-step, part Mary Wigman) suggested that she was largely, and not too happily, on her own. There was a similar lack of unified purpose in the key scene between Elektra and Klytemnestra. Jean Madeira has the physical stature and the vocal power to make a terrifying figure of the mother, but the emphasis was largely on externals—a mask of depravity, the physical suggestions of degeneration. As for the eloquent "Recognition Scene," the effect was undervalued not only by a lack of power in the musical projection, but even more by the unillusive appearance of Walter Cassel, a substitute for Hermann Uhde), who could be readily recognized by anyone who saw his photo in the Broadway lobby. Albert da Costa did well what was required of Aegisthus, as Mary MacKenzie did in her debut as one of the servants. "Elektra" can be a proud parade of an opera theatre's resources but this present one is, rather, a reminder of the Metropolitan's current shortcomings.

THE latest "Isolde" with Birgit Nilsson also provided Mignon Dunn's first opportunity as Brangaene, and she made much of it. Her vocal sound was not only sizable but really beautiful, with the kind of ringing clarity rarely heard in this part. As yet, her dramatic resources are limited (hardly surprising for one barely thirty) but she has a good bearing for this role, also a sense of its sympathetic and solicitous character. It was, otherwise, a Vinay-Cassel-Hines evening, with Rosenstock conducting.

A sequence of orchestral programs that brought concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy and the Boston Symphony directed by Erich Leinsdorf also brought locally unfamiliar works by Walter Piston and Luigi Dallapiccola. The former's Seventh Symphony (commissioned by an unidentified Philadelphian) reveled in the sonorous characteristics of this great ensemble, ranging from the unique cello section to the "digging" violins and the warm-toned woodwinds and brass. It comprehended a true symphonic purpose in stating a point of view, a musical theorem positively projected under the compelling direction of Ormandy. Dallapiccola's variations (a Louisville commission of the mid-Fifties) is a beautifully realized study in texture and contrast, varying impulse as well as materials. Leinsdorf's sense of organization was well applied to its problems as his feeling for sonority was beneficial to a self-compiled series of orchestral excerpts from Strauss's "Frau ohne Schatten." There was less stimulation in his Schubert ("Rosamunde" Overture in C) and Brahms (Symphony No. 4).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Digging Doug

ONE hesitates to place Michael Shurtleff, author of "**Call Me by My Rightful Name,**" in quite the same class with playwrights Jack Gelber ("The Connection") and Edward Albee ("The Zoo Story"), who were clearly marked as potentially major figures when their works were unveiled Off-Broadway last season. Mr. Shurtleff's first play to be produced in New York is smaller in concept than those of these two younger colleagues, and it furthermore acknowledges a debt to S. F. Pfoutz's novel, "The Whipping Boy." Nevertheless, there is no question that this work provides a theatrically elating evening and places Mr. Shurtleff at the top of the list of new playwrights of the present season.

"Call Me by My Rightful Name" somewhat resembles "Look Back in Anger" in that it features a triangle of angry lost-generation people. At the outset, a rebellious young cad named Doug is sharing a messy flat with a Negro boy named Paul. These two are extremely compatible, although a charged question hangs over their friendship. Doug is using their relationship as a tool of rebellion against his conservative family, and Paul is using it to feel emancipated from the conventions with which a Negro living in a Negro society finds himself obliged to come to terms.

Into this unstable situation comes a hep catalyst named Chris. Doug falls in love with this golden girl and plans to marry her, until he discovers that her one previous love affair had been with Paul. Doug's reaction is violent. Angrily he hurts Paul in the crudest and most conventional way he knows, and Paul retaliates by beating him up, in the most all-out stage fight since that in "The Miracle Worker."

Up to this point "Call Me by My Rightful Name" has been dancing jazzily along through the substructure of ironies it has set out to explore. Doug, a cad-hero, is able to speak out to his parents with a ringing if brutal honesty. He is also willing to recognize the unsatisfactoriness of his own position, which includes bisexuality and an inability to find anything to which he can productively apply his rebellious energy. Paul gives us moments of appealing sensitivity to human values and his own true position, as well as some hysterically funny parodies of traditional "darky" entertainment. And Chris is a girl who resents both the boys who always make passes at any sexy girl, and her own impulse to accept a boy simply because he isn't that sort. "Are you sure we aren't making a mistake?" Doug asks as she lets him embrace her. "We'll see as we go along," she replies in a slow, thoughtful way that lets us know that she is honestly trying to make her outward actions bear proper relation to her inner state. While the playwright doesn't lash out at contemporary life to the extent that Osborne does, there is a nice reference to the hypocrisy of some publications when he has Doug say to his father, "Sex is harder on the heart than anything. That's from the *Readers' Digest*, Pop—a family magazine." And he attacks the phoniness of people pretending to be religious at Christmas, by referring to his own scraggly little Christmas tree with, "I like to think its the kind of tree Jesus would have chosen."

Add to this the jazz of a very special director, Milton Katselas, who finds a constant variety of activity for his actors. This activity does as much to give the play life as does the dialogue, and the fresh cast makes the characters their own. Robert Duvall, who plays Doug, accomplishes the difficult task of never letting himself seem to understand his own motives, even when the playwright spells them out. Alvin Ailey plays Paul with an admirable lack of self-pity. As Chris, Joan Hackett really swings, particularly in the scenes where she is feeling out her rapport with Doug. And Milo Boulton makes Doug's "square" father into a sympathetic character, even though he is outside the charmed circle.

The play's fatal difficulty emerges when the author chooses to follow the inspired action of his first two acts with sober resolutions. Several endings are examined, with each proving demonstrably false. Finally Mr. Shurtleff leaves us with an ending that is neither clear nor conclusive. Is this a play in which an angry young man learns that his destructive behavior is merely a symptom of his own psychopathic state? Or is it a play that challenges the Northern liberal to examine the superficiality of his racial attitudes? We left "Call Me by My Rightful Name" somewhat puzzled about the playwright's point of view toward its events, even though we found most of these exhilarating and were aware of elements of truth even in those portions of the play that disappointed us. —HENRY HEWES.

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Contemporary Currents

Continued from page 31

faithfulness." Revelation is the event in which this ultimate unity is disclosed as personal or faithful. Radical faith is present only when every response to every event is in loyalty to the One who is present in all such events, being "expressed by the self in all of its roles and relations, or . . . not at all."

In later chapters Niebuhr considers these categories as they apply to or describe various attitudes toward and within Western religion, political life, and science. He finds unusual and illuminating parallels. Four closely related "supplementary essays" provide more detailed argumentation of Niebuhr's value-theory and apply his reasoning in still other areas, most notably in the university, where he sees theology not as queen but as servant. The book is a challenging contribution to the phenomenology of religion and an austerely prophetic judgment of many contemporary idolatries in each of the areas he examines.

AT LEAST some of the problems incident to Niebuhr's faith-centered analysis are brought out in Geddes MacGregor's "The Coming Reformation," which is, like Niebuhr's book, a forthright critique of contemporary Protestantism, but in quite another vein. Quoting William Muehl, MacGregor finds the American religious mainstream "the antithesis of all that makes life rich and significant" and pervaded by a "smug vulgarity that rises like a mist from the swamp of blessed assurance." His program for reform was heralded in an earlier book, "Corpus Christi" (1959), in which he expounded the Reformed (*i.e.*, "Calvinistic" or Presbyterian) view of the Church. Our greatest need, he insists, lies in the realization or actualization of the Church as the Body of Christ, a Royal Priesthood, a covenanted community. *Semper reformanda*, he cries, designating discipline, the interior life, and corporate worship as areas most needing reform. His book thus becomes part of the movement of liturgical renewal which in various ways has been gathering strength in Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Anglican communions for over a century. Many of MacGregor's Reformed brethren, especially those most deeply informed by Puritanism, will no doubt view this book as a sellout to those other communions. But more interesting to this reviewer is the way in which MacGregor's advocacy reveals the difficulty of applying the category of "radical monotheism" to the Christian Church if or when the Church is understood fundamentally as a community that visibly embodies the incarnation. If this be the case, does not the Church categorically deny Alfred North Whitehead's much-quoted dictum that a person's religion is what he does with his solitude? Does not radical monotheism—and even Jonathan Edwards's theology, to which Niebuhr's thought is expressly related—state the truth about Christianity too univocally in this regard? Must not the faith of the Church be a unique kind of henotheism, or a singularly corporate form of radical monotheism? These are large questions, indeed too large even to be posed properly; yet they are certain to arise.

Roger Hazelton's very personal account of "New Accents in Contemporary Theology" is neither a methodical survey of present-day theology nor a forthright critique. It stands between these genres, with chapters on theology as conversation with the arts, sciences, and philosophy, as consensus, and as invitation. It strums musingly and discerningly over the taut strings of firmly held views and strongly defended positions, striking a good number of pleasing chords. In a moderate and eminently sensible manner, moreover, it indicates the wide range of current theology. The question of the Church (ecclesiology) pointed up by the juxtaposition of Niebuhr and MacGregor is not extensively treated, though the final chapter, on apologetics, does relate Christianity to other religions in a way that poses some similar issues. As do the other two men so far reviewed, Hazelton writes with great clarity and felicity of style.

The volume of essays on "Making the Ministry Relevant," edited by the director of the Harvard University Project on Religion and Mental Health, would seem to be an exclusively "practical" book only remotely related to the questions of religion, church, and theology so far discussed. But actually these papers constitute a very wide-ranging discussion and speak to several diverse audiences. Except for the bombastic and arrogant contributions of the editor, they reveal many important dimensions of contemporary theology. Professor Tillich strikes a characteristic note with one of his most incisive essays. Expounding his central "correlation" of existential questions and Christian answers, he provides both an introduction and an invitation to his "Systematic Theology" and many other works. Reinhold Niebuhr also gives a concise summary of his long-pondered views on human freedom, self-love, altruism, and the need for "proximate norms of justice to become instruments of love in the complex competitions of both the domestic and the international community." Dean Miller of the Harvard Divinity School considers the vast reaches of "inner space" opened up in recent centuries, notably by depth psychology, and calls the churches and seminaries from old rationalisms to a more imaginative dealing with these nonrational spaces. The three remaining essays have to do with the more practical concerns of the Harvard Project, treating respectively pastoral counseling, the collaboration of ministers and psychiatrists, and the problems of ministers and ministerial training.

—From "Miracle Plays."

Any inferences as to the general tenor or direction of contemporary Christian thinking in America drawn from these four volumes would be imperfect in the extreme. In two respects, however, they can be said to suggest some significant aspects of the scene. Nearly all of these writers indicate the fruitful relationships that exist between the Church and its theology on one hand and the activities and disciplines of "secular" culture on the other. They dispel the commonly held notion that theology is a kind of hermetic pursuit, logically and physically separated from other modes of thought. Considering how many other theologians also contradict this popular view, one is forced to wonder how the idea of a "wall of separation" arose and is maintained. Perhaps one explanation of the widespread belief in its existence is the way in which philosophical, ethical, and theological books are reviewed (or not reviewed) by American periodicals.

More strictly theological is the evidence suggested in these books, and elsewhere, that the movement of "neo-orthodoxy" that arose in the 1930s is in the process of dissolution. With each passing year one sees more clearly how that collective effort to reappraise the Church's great tradition was chiefly a movement within American liberalism, a critique of nineteenth-century conceptions of man, morals, and progress and a search for a more realistic social ethic. Taking its place in the effort to reappraise the tradition is a more ecumenical tendency, one that takes the Church, its historic worship, its confessions, sacraments, and preaching task with extreme seriousness. Not the least blessing on this movement is its lack, so far, of a name.

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A New Interpretation of Jehovah

Judaism's innovational Reconstructionist movement is explained in ***"Good to Be a Jew," by Eugene Kohn*** *(Reconstructionist Press. 169 pp. $3.75),* and ***"The Greater Judaism in the Making: A Study of the Modern Evolution of Judaism," by Mordecai M. Kaplan*** *(Reconstructionist Press. 565 pp. $7.50). Their controversial nature is reflected in the reactions to them of two rabbis—neither of them Orthodox—Roland B. Gittelsohn, spiritual leader of the Reform Temple Israel in Boston, and Steven S. Schwarzschild of the Conservative Temple Beth El in Lynn, Massachusetts.*

Tradition Modernized

By Steven S. Schwarzschild

MORDECAI KAPLAN has taught at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America for several decades. Thus he has helped raise more than one generation of rabbis. Many others he has considerably influenced through the Reconstructionist movement, of which he is the fountainhead, and through his many articles and books. "The Greater Judaism in the Making" is a summary of his life's teachings.

It consists of two separate parts. The first is a history of the Jewish religion, freely interspersed with Kaplan's evaluations. He sets out by means of it to demonstrate what he believes to be the wide gap between historic Judaism and the Judaism that he regards as alone viable in the future, and to indicate what components of the former can possibly be incorporated into the latter.

Although there is nothing very new in the book for one tolerably familiar with Jewish history, there are chapters that possess a stimulating interest of their own. Thus, for example, Kaplan's extended treatment of Reform Judaism, from its inception through its theological efflorescence to its present status in America, constitutes an unusually trenchant analysis.

The most convincing aspect of this long history, however, is a reversal of conclusions that the author certainly did not intend. With the erudition of the scholar and the liveliness of the polemicist Kaplan presents a picture of what he calls "traditional Judaism" which he thinks will persuade everyone that it must be replaced by a radically modernized version. The actual result is the opposite: this traditional Judaism shows up as infinitely wiser, richer, and more invigorating than all the academic and compromising modifications that have been suggested by Kaplan and others.

In a long final section Kaplan outlines the philosophy and plan of action that he proposes for the Judaism of the future. His platform unquestionably possesses two virtues: it is Jewishly ecumenical in that it tries to combine into one what it regards as being the valid values of all the schools of thought within Judaism; and it is more than duly aware of the central role that the people of Israel play in the drama of their own and of the world's history. On the other hand, of course, Kaplan's platform suffers from all the fundamental errors on which Reconstructionism is built: it holds that religion must be in step with "the spirit of the time" rather than judge it; on top of that, it completely misjudges what the spirit of the time is, accepting a kind of popular optimistic "naturalism" and scientism that were in vogue two generations ago, rather than the Marxian recognition of evil in human history, the Freudian recognition of evil in the human soul, Kierkegaard's recognition of evil in the human spirit, and the Jewish experience of and emergence from human evil in society. It is really rather amazing how a theologian can blindly by-pass every theological challenge in life.

The explanation for this entire *faux pas* in Jewish theology may well be what another Jewish theologian of this century, Franz Rosenzweig, has called "Jewish intellectual unpunctuality of a quarter of a century." Kaplan himself laments the fact that Jewry has largely been isolated from the spiritual and cultural life of the world by having been shut off in the ghetto. Then it was suddenly released. Ever since, it has been running to catch up, but, in the first place, though to the eye shoulder-to-shoulder with the front-runner, it is actually one entire lap behind, and, in the second place, with the typical psychology of the *parvenu,* it overdoes this business of racing toward the tape.

The real answer is: you do not cut down the size of the Ark in order to get it through the narrow portals of the temple of modern times, but through divine grace and prayer you miraculously widen the doors to let the Ark pass. "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, that the King of glory may enter."

Doctrine of Optimism

By Roland B. Gittelsohn

FOR MORE than a quarter of a century Eugene Kohn has played a quiet but decisive role on the "growing edge" of modern Jewish theology. His contributions to the several prayer books issued by the Jewish Reconstructionist Foundation and especially his volume of eight years ago, "Religion and Humanity," mark him as a major influence on those who are concerned with reinterpreting the eternally valid in Jewish religious thought in terms of present knowledge and understanding.

The third and final section of his latest book, "Good to Be a Jew," pushes

—From "Miracle Plays."

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The Riddle of Roman Catholicism

Jaroslav Pelikan. "An unbiased analysis."—*Chicago Sunday Tribune.* "Probably the most important of the current Protestant expositions of Catholicism." —Gustave Wiegel, S.J., in *America.* $4

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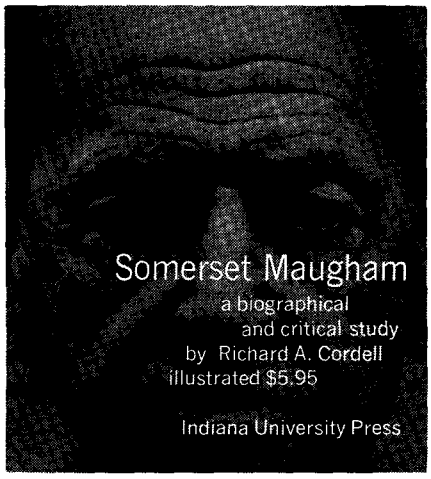

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the frontiers of his courageous religious speculation beyond their previous boundaries. If the first two sections are disappointing, this may well be due to the fact that he has attempted in them something very near the impossible. The hope implicit in his title is explained early in the foreword, where we are told that "the purpose of this book is to point to those values that inhere in the social heritage of the Jew which should make him feel, in spite of all the hazards and burdens of Jewish life, that it is good to be a Jew. . . . The goods to be experienced by living a Jewish life fall under three categories, which will here be treated under the . . . fellowship, culture and religion."

It is under the last of these rubrics that Dr. Kohn comes closest to success. He defines religion, in effect, as man's search to find for himself a cosmic address, to see his daily efforts as an aspect of universal meaning. ". . . religion is, in essence, the effort of men to live their lives in accordance with purposes that link them with the life of the Cosmos." God, to him, is "whatever Power is responsible for the direction of man's evolution. To believe in such a Power, to believe that our ethical impulses are as much a part of the universe as the laws of cause and effect recognized by science, is to believe in God." As a consequence of such belief, we are able "to identify our own purposes increasingly with a transcendent purpose that gives unity to our aims and unites us with others—with our family, our people, mankind, God." In short, religion gives our daily deeds their widest possible context.

In this light, Dr. Kohn effectively refutes the popular fallacy that all religions are really the same, that only the incidental modes of expression differ. Tersely, yet convincingly, he portrays the unique orientation of Judaism.

> Jewish religion provides the Jew with an optimistic doctrine of man's potentialities, both as an individual and as a species of living organism. That faith he cannot derive from his general environment apart from his Jewish affiliations. His general environment, at least in Western lands, is dominated by Christianity, which still maintains the doctrine of the fall of man.

The irony here is that some who presume to speak for Jewish religion in our confused time have resorted to theological gymnastics in the attempt to graft a pessimism more indigenous to many forms of Christianity onto the body of Jewish doctrine. Dr. Kohn is far closer than they to the authentic spirit of Judaism.

One of his most valuable contributions consists of tracing the manner in which Jewish religious thought has

—From "Miracle Plays."

tended through the centuries away from the anthropomorphic and miraculous toward the naturalistic and rational. Thus the idea of God as Process rather than Person—an emphasis so consistently reiterated by the Jewish Reconstructionist movement—is shown to be not a radical innovation but a legitimate outgrowth of Jewish theological development in the past.

The objection often raised to such an interpretation of God is that it makes Him too abstract and impersonal to be of direct consequence to man. Dr. Kohn denies this. "Human beings are personal and their experience of purposes that transcend individual ego-centered aims is a personal experience. Though God is not a person, He is personal to the worshiper." Passages such as these should be of inestimable value not only to Jews but to all who find the traditional interpretations of God increasingly divorced from the realities of life, yet who continue to feel that man needs something beyond himself to give life meaning.

Unfortunately, the earlier portions of the book come nowhere near the success of the section on religion. This may be because the preface promises more than even a man of the author's skill can produce. The section on fellowship contains interesting, even important words on democracy and synagogue administration, on the functions of the rabbi, on curricula for Jewish religious instruction. It is hard to see though how they could convince anyone who was not persuaded in advance that it is "good to be a Jew."

The section on culture suffers from a similar weakness. It includes a fine chapter on the varied types of literature to be found in the Hebrew Bible. As an introduction to a Bible course, it would be effective. As an argument for wholesome acceptance of one's Jewishness, it is questionable.

Dr. Kohn's volume is nevertheless very much worth reading because of its creative contribution to the thinking of both Jews and Christians who believe it essential for men in our day to reinterpret God in a conceptual framework consistent with our knowledge of the universe and ourselves.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 9, 5, 10, 7, 2, 3, 6, 4, 1.

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The Undiscovered Country

"The Shape of Death," by Jaroslav Pelikan *(Abingdon. 123 pp. $2.25),* ***"A Life After Death," by S. Ralph Harlow*** *(Doubleday. 264 pp. $3.95), and* ***"My Brother Death," by Cyrus Sulzberger*** *(Harper. 211 pp. $4.50), contemplate mortality and immortality in terms of revelation, parapsychology, and existentialism. Harry C. Meserve, the author of "No Peace of Mind," is director of program for the Academy of Religion and Mental Health.*

By Harry C. Meserve

THE PHILOSOPHER Henri Bergson said that man is the only animal who knows that he must die. It is this knowledge which can add to man's living a certain quality of creativeness. Since we cannot live forever, the "now" has new meaning. It is therefore interesting and, perhaps, suggestive of a new realism in our thinking that we have before us in early 1961 three books on death, "The Shape of Death," "A Life After Death," and "My Brother Death."

Professor Pelikan's book is a scholarly study of the views of five of the early Church fathers on the Christian interpretation of death and immortality. They include Tatian, Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian, Origen, and Irenaeus. Each one of these men approached the problem of death against the background of the Platonic doctrines of the immortality of the soul and sought to establish a Christian view that would include both the affairs of time as they are seen in the span of any human life, and the entrance of eternity into time through the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

"The core of the Christian faith," declares Professor Pelikan, "is pessimism about life and optimism about God, and therefore hope for life in God." Christianity must set itself apart both from the vague immortality of the Greeks and the doctrines of reincarnation of the East, for Christianity speaks of a specific act of redemption whereby those who believe enter into a new measure of life through the gateway of Christ's death upon the cross and subsequent resurrection.

> . . . The Christian view of death is not intended to supplement . . . clinical information with additional data about the human constitution. It is intended to give men the faith to live in courage and to die in dignity, knowing very little about the undiscovered country except that, by the grace of His cross, our Lord Jesus Christ has changed the shape of death. That is all we can know, that is all we need to know.

Yet there are many wondering, doubting, hoping ones who want to know more and persist in asking questions.

Dr. Harlow points out that there is would seek to justify the essential Christian claim that life and personality somehow continue after death, and to support this claim Dr. Harlow brings the testimony of his own experience, that of his sister, Anna, and many of his friends, relatives, and acquaintances to suggest that we now have sufficient data at least to put forward the hypothesis that life and personality do continue. His book is a comprehensive and exceedingly readable summary of the evidence that has been gathered over the years—from the accounts and experiences of peculiarly sensitive individuals, from the experiments in telepathy and extrasensory perception by Dr. J. B. Rhine, from the capabilities of certain mediums in "getting through" to persons who have experienced death.

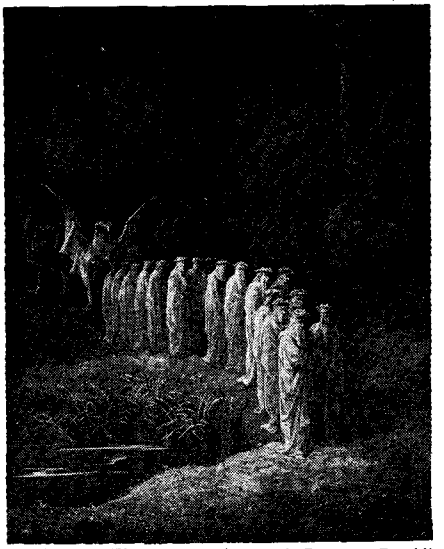
Dr. Harlow has been a life long student in the field of psychical research, parapsychology, and paranormal events of all kinds. He does not argue for our acceptance of this evidence as definitive, but demands an open mind and the humility to believe that there may well be ranges of human experience, powers of human thought, areas of reality that have not yet been charted in our sciences. He wants, as he says, "to find validation" for the claims that he has made throughout his life as a Christian minister.

Professor Pelikan makes his claim for the Christian faith on the authority of revelation and the redemptive act of God in Christ. Dr. Harlow puts the matter rather differently. ". . . My own steadfast conviction, based on years of study in the field of psychical research, is this: I believe that Jesus Christ was crucified and did die physically. Later He was able to manifest to His disciples that He was still alive and would remain a living Christ . . ." To this faith Dr. Harlow would add the possibility that certain men and women of special sensitivity and awareness may somehow be able to do the same thing and to communicate with their former friends and relatives on earth.

Dr. Harlow points out that there is no reason to think that our science has now finally exhausted all the possibilities of new knowledge, and there may well be "a reach of the human mind," to use Dr. Rhine's phrase, the extent of which we are just beginning to approach in a scientific way. Thus the discoveries which may be made in the future in this area could well be as earth-shaking as the wheel, the Copernican cosmology, the nature of the atom, and the imminent entrance of man into outer space. Dr. Harlow merely says that we owe this fresh area of study a thoughtful consideration, and I believe he is right.

Both Professor Pelikan and Dr. Harlow offer us faith. Mr. Sulzberger wants us to look at death existentially: How have men faced it? What meanings have they sought and found? He brings us the word of philosophers and scientists, theologians, saints, and martyrs. He tells of the deaths of kings and soldiers, of statesmen and revolutionaries. He speaks of the manifold ways in which death comes: by murder, by suicide, by capital punishment, by plague and famine, by earthquakes, shipwreck, fire, and icy cold. He gives us examples of the various ways in which men have died: peacefully, defiantly, philosophically, unselfishly, carelessly, beautifully, courageously.

> Most men [says Mr. Sulzberger] are given more than one opportunity to face death, or to imagine that they do



—From "The Masterpieces of Gustave Doré."

"The Procession of the Elders."

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—*From "The Tomb of St. Peter."*

The arrest of St. Peter depicted on a sarcophagus in his Vatican tomb.

so, which can be quite as testing. And often they astonish themselves by how they face it; some better than they might have imagined, and some worse. For the manner of death is often more surprising than death itself, and more important. To a degree we can control the style of our own dying even if we cannot influence death itself. One of life's few lessons ought to be fine dying . . .

This is as far along the road of faith as Mr. Sulzberger is willing to conduct us. We know not where we go, or what, if anything, awaits us. At least, we can learn the art of "fine dying."

So much of our society is involved in the conspiracy of silence on the subject of death, and the apparent effort to pretend that if we do not look at it death will go away, that it is encouraging that all three of the authors are implacably honest about facing the fact itself. Pelikan offers us the Christian hope, Harlow the possibility that new sciences may bring new discoveries of personal survival in a different kind of world. Sulzberger gives us the awesome fact of death in all its terror and reality. A fact we must all live with and at last singly face and accept.

Man will not conquer death. Always it conquers him, no matter how strong or wise or clever he may be. Since this is the case, and we must all go at length by an unknown path into an unknown land, it may be best that we should go with faith and hope, if we can. But if we cannot, and the treasures of faith and hope are not easily come by, then it remains within the capabilities of our human nature to make the inevitable journey with courage and even a kind of expectancy. Death is one of life's great facts.

Through the Ages

Continued from page 27

he slay me, I will not quail" or—as Horace Kallen has it in "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy"—"Behold, he will slay me; I have no hope. Nevertheless I will maintain my ways before him." Submission may have been the ancient and the medieval mood. The scientific ages will consent to submit only in order to exercise more effective control.

Nor are religions under science likely to find themselves, as Ahad Haam in the nineteenth century suggested for Judaism, "striving for absolutes." The twentieth century has seen the Absolute as the Terror. Henceforth the loyalties of enlightened mankind will go out to the religions that can help them to overcome the absolute and thus to achieve a fuller manifestation of the promise that inheres in existence, in intelligence, and in love.

Apostle's Resting Place

"The Tomb of St. Peter: The New Discoveries in the Sacred Grottoes of the Vatican," by Margherita Guarducci; *translated by Joseph McLellan (Hawthorn. 183 pp. $4.95), reports the results of Pius XII's decision to test the validity of a legend. C. A. Robinson, Jr., was a member of the Committee for the Excavation of the Athenian Agora.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

THIS book, describing as it does one of the most dramatic excavations of the twentieth century, will fascinate in a quiet but nonetheless exciting way all those who are interested in history and archaeology and the beginnings of the Christian Church. The author, Margherita Guarducci, is professor of Greek epigraphy at the University of Rome. Her book has been well translated and is amply illustrated by photographs and plans.

In 1545 Martin Luther said that "even the Pope and the cardinals know very well that they do not know" where St. Peter is buried. Some, but by no means all, Protestant scholars have held to this opinion, and yet against it is the immensely strong and long tradition that St. Peter was buried on Vatican Hill after his crucifixion, probably at the time of Nero's persecution of Christians to appease the Roman populace for the fire of A.D. 64. About A.D. 333, for example, the Christian historian Eusebius, bishop of Caesarea, wrote that Peter was "known throughout the world, even in the Western countries, and his memory among the Romans is still more alive than the memory of all those who lived before him; so much so that he is honored with a splendid tomb overlooking the city. To this tomb, countless crowds come from all parts of the Roman Empire, as to a great sanctuary and temple of God."

A few years before Eusebius wrote, Rome's first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great, built a monument to enclose the chapel (as he supposed) over the Apostle's tomb. And above this monument he reared the basilica in which he had decided to glorify the first Vicar of Christ. That basilica has, of course, been long since replaced by the famous Renaissance church designed by Bramante.

In 1939, when he was preparing the tomb of his predecessor in the Vatican Crypt, the late Pius XII decided to test the validity of the tradition concerning St. Peter's burial place and ordered excavations to commence. To come at once to the heart of the matter, let us imagine ourselves standing before the most sacred spot in St. Peter's—the altar of the Confession built by Clement VIII (1592-1605) and protected by Bernini's ornate baldacchino—and see what lies beneath. First come the altars of popes of the twelve and sixth centuries, then Constantine's monument, then a shrine that was linked in A.D. 160 with Peter, and at the bottom a simple grave dug in the first Christian century and containing the bones of an elderly but strong person. A Greek inscription on the nearby wall states that "Peter is within." Round about were found 1,900 coins, in date from the first to the fifteenth century, which had been thrown there by pilgrims from near and far.

This, and much more, has been established by the excavations under St. Peter's. Incidentally, the excavators' ensuing report on their amazing detective work weighs fourteen pounds. A scholarly review, as we might describe it, was subsequently made by Miss J. M. C. Toynbee and the director of the British School in Rome, J. B. Ward Perkins ("The Shrine of St. Peter and the Vatican Excavations"). And now we have this popular account by Professor Guarducci, who played a key role in the original investigations. It was she who finally was able to read the extraordinary Latin inscription, "Peter pray for the pious Christian men buried near your body." Nobody claims St. Peter's bones have been found beyond all possible doubt, but it is about as certain as anything can be.

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Faraway Places

Continued from page 23

fact so that Italian critics, while squirming, admitted that he was partly right. He goes too far in his blanket condemnations, and he isn't squeamish about likening America to the Italy he excoriates. While he rightly hails Carlo Levi's "Christ Stopped at Eboli" as the best modern Italian novel—and Levi is no inconsiderable painter, either—Revel is not fair in his devastating dismissal of all other modern writing from the Latins.

Just the same he himself is worth reading, if not so much for the ill he says of Italy as for the good French traits he betrays: wit, consistency, perfectionism. And he is hilarious when he describes the horsy creature he identifies as the vaunted Italian lover.

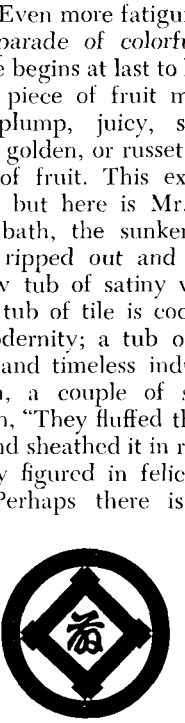
Kishon concludes that, whatever else his readers may think, he wants them to know that there is nothing "in all this wide world that the author cherishes more than Israel." Mayer declares of England, "we love her." But not so Revel: if "As for Italy" is the guest's bread-and-butter note to the host, they'll never invite him again.

NIPPON: It was a brilliant idea to make an inn on the Tokaido, the highway between Kyoto and Edo, the focal point of a recounting of celebrated episodes of Japanese history of the past 300 years. In "**Japanese Inn: A Reconstruction of the Past**" (Random House, $6.50) Oliver Statler disarms the professional historian by gracefully admitting that the links between the Minaguchi-ya, the inn he describes, and the various famous personages he portrays as guests are fictitious, but his account is filled with interesting descriptions that can only have come from diligent study and observation. Quite apart from the historical material, he manages with great skill to evoke his own pleasure at staying in this beautiful inn, and his love for the landscape around it. Moreover, the book is enhanced by many splendidly chosen reproductions of drawings and prints, as important as the text itself in establishing the mood of a vanished Japan.

Torii gate of a Shinto shrine.

Only one thing—an excessive insistence on color—marred my enjoyment of this delightful book. It seems rather silly, for example, to make Will Adams, the first Englishman to visit Japan, converse in the sixteenth-century language of his letters with a Japanese innkeeper who uses twentieth-century English. Even more fatiguing is the endless parade of colorful adjectives. One begins at last to hope that the next piece of fruit mentioned is not plump, juicy, succulent, globular, golden, or russet, but just a piece of fruit. This example is my own, but here is Mr. Statler: "In the bath, the sunken tub of tile was ripped out and replaced by a new tub of satiny white cypress. A tub of tile is cooly handsome modernity; a tub of cypress is warm and timeless indulgence." Or again, a couple of sentences farther on, "They fluffed the softest cotton, and sheathed it in rich white silk softly figured in felicitous designs." Perhaps there is nothing fundamentally wrong with this style of writing, but by the time the reader reaches page 336 he is exhausted.

The crest of Kusunoki Masashige.



The Crest of Matsuzakaya department stores.

The Crest of Toyotomi Hideyoshi.

I mention this minor point because Mr. Statler seems to show in this book the rare talent of a Maurice Collis to make the past of distant countries come alive. I hope that in his next work he follows Mr. Collis also in his effortless prose. —Donald Keene.

Art

Continued from page 37

say much. It is interesting that the sole landscape in the entire exhibition that seems alien is the only one to have been specially commissioned. For here there are no elisions, no ironic overtones, no poetry of muted color to turn facts into ideas.

Perhaps the most unforgettable work in the group happens also to be the largest. Painted between 1934 and 1937, "Composition with Still Life" (from the collection of the Museum of Modern Art) is perplexing if only because its broken design and flickering light foretold a school of contemporary American painting which its representational technique denied. I refer, of course, to the paintings of Jackson Pollock and his colleagues. Dickinson's canvas is filled with half-seen bodies and disparate objects all poised in a perspective so arbitrary and evasive as to combine anxiety with almost unbearable nostalgia.

It is this power to involve, disquiet, and move that distinguishes the work of both Rothko and Dickinson. Their methods are different, as are their commitments, but each has found a way to reach us, a way to clarify and intensify our image of the world.

—Katharine Kuh.

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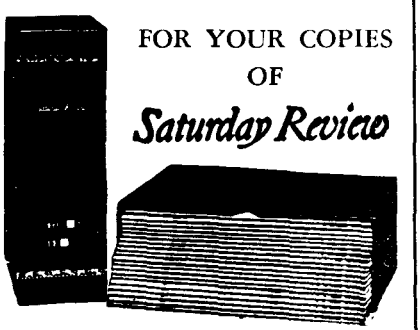

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"IMAGINATION IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN KNOWLEDGE"

Albert Einstein

There are some who might argue this point with Einstein. But this much is certain: Wherever new knowledge is sought, imagination lights the way. And surely, only imagination of rare quality could have led Einstein to formulate his principle of relativity.

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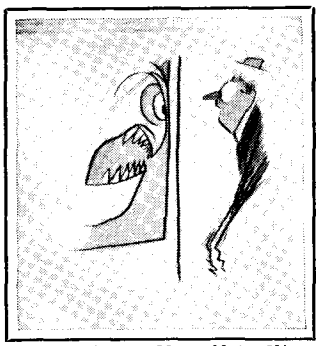

—Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LX • Science in Books • Letters to the Science Editor • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: The Truth About Churchill's Wartime Science Advice

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

SOME IMPLICATIONS OF INTERPLANETARY EXPLORATION

THE SKETCH at our masthead this month of March 1961 might very well be taken as a chronicle of the reaction of many Americans in and out of Washington upon becoming aware of the new Russian robot monster that tossed a smaller robot off to explore the planet Venus.

Similar reactions frequently occur when visitors to the American Museum of Natural History opposite Central Park in Manhattan suddenly come upon an ominously-toothed creature fixedly staring from inside a cage of glass. And it was there that the sketch above was actually drawn by Robert Osborn.

The point that artist Osborn makes in his frantic fashion is that beasts are dangerous only in proportion to the time and obstacles they would have to cross to get at you. The scariest looking specimens in the museum would have to travel thousands and sometimes millions of years. The mechanical monster the Russians put into the sky for the purpose of reaching Venus must be measured by the same yardstick of relativity. As Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, deputy administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, told the House Science and Astronautics Committee, it would be possible for the same mechanism that launched the Venutian expedition to fire missiles at Earth. But, he pointed out, to wage war in such a manner would be to adopt a "complicated, expensive way" of achieving destruction that could be wrought with greater ruthlessness and much less expense by intercontinental missiles pushed by convenient buttons on the surface of this planet.

The reasonable perspective from which to view interplanetary exploration is not a militaristic but a scientific one. The question to ask is: Of what use is it to man to explore Venus?

Venus is a virtual twin of Earth, so far as size is concerned. Supposedly, its environment is different from Earth's environment because it orbits closer to the Sun. But Venus does possess an atmosphere, and it would be possible by studying it to learn more about Earth's atmosphere. The most fascinating problem below the atmosphere is, of course, the problem of life. If life of any kind exists on Venus, even if it is different from Earthly life, science will have new clues to the true origin of all life.

It is, however, too early yet to say how successful the Soviet shot at Venus will be. The best guess of American scientists is that the Russian intention is either to fly-by or to hit Venus. But the Soviet rocketeers are being cagey, just as we were cagey when we fired Pioneer V toward the orbit of Venus many months ago. Pioneer V missed the Venutian path by about seven million miles.

THIS is a timely moment to consider a Brookings Institution paper-chase into the space age that has not received the attention it deserves.

To begin at the beginning, the American adventure beyond Earth's atmosphere has its legal sanction in the National Aeronautics and Space Act of 1958. Among other injunctions this law commands that "the aeronautical and space activities of the United States shall be conducted so as to contribute materially to . . . the establishment of long-range studies of the potential benefits to be gained from, the opportunities for, and the problems involved in the utilization of aeronautical and space activities for peaceful and scientific purposes." What the "peaceful and scientific purposes" might be, and how they should be achieved, were thus left to NASA to determine and somehow to accomplish.

In November 1959 NASA asked Brookings to study the implications. Brookings handed the dilemma over to a research staff psychologist, Donald Michael, whom readers of *Saturday Review* may recall as the social scientist who collaborated with me two years ago in a poll of their opinion on the meaning of man-in-space.

HOW do man's scientific discoveries about his natural environment influence the political systems he invents to assure his survival in close proximity to the others of the human species who share his habitat? This, one of the most significant of all the questions history poses, is very little discussed today. But if the Brookings space study proves at all prophetic, the question will not only be repeatedly asked but intensively examined in the next two decades. When it comes, the heightened concern will be a reflection of deepened understanding of the forces that generate weather.

Atmospheric scientists accept it as certain that cloud-top pictures and infrared readings, taken by weather observer satellites of Earth and radioed to interpreting machines and men on the ground, will eventually enable world-wide forecasts of weather at least one season of the year in advance. Farmers in a given region will know in the winter, perhaps even as early as autumn, whether the following spring will be good or bad for planting.

What will the farmers do with this unprecedented information?

Psychologist Michael and the little corps of social scientists who collaborated with him limit their speculations to what may be and arrive at the logical assumption that the farmers, if

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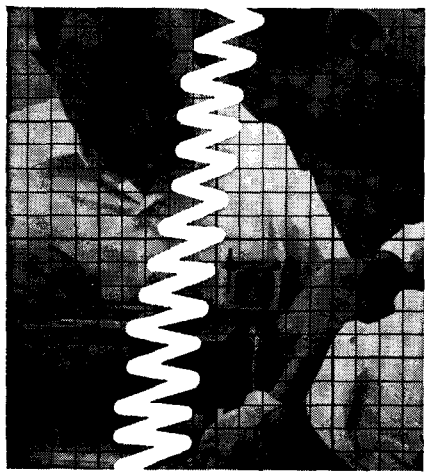
Inventiveness:

indispensable ingredient of

Space **T**echnology **L**eadership



In the achievement of Space Technology Leadership, on-the-shelf hardware and the existing state-of-the-art are not always equal to the requirements of advanced missile and space systems. In such challenging situations Space Technology Laboratories responds with the full breadth of its resources.

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left to themselves, probably will do what farmers always have done.

"The readiness with which the extreme decision, to plant or not to plant—or even the less extreme decisions of what and when to plant—might be taken would probably vary with the size and structure of the agricultural system and with the circumstances of the farmers," the report declares. "The farmer whose fixed investment in land and equipment represents a very high proportion of his total resources might be pushed to run longer risks with the weather in hopes of getting even a small return on his fixed costs, especially if there is no available alternative income source. A corporate farm with cash reserves might find it easier to shift capital, equipment, even labour to another more favourable forecast region, or dip into reserves, rather than waste cash. Subsistence farming, the most prevalent form of agriculture in underdeveloped portions of the globe, would probably attempt to operate under any weather circumstances. . . ."

THE possibility is mildly suggested that the farmers "may not be" left to themselves with their new knowledge.

Could any political system afford to let them alone?

As long as next season's weather is an unknown, governments can treat it as a turn of fate or act of God, take refuge in fatalism, and stay in power on the strength of the generosity and justice with which effects of misfortune or disaster are mitigated afterwards. But the ability to foresee future events carries a certain responsibility to prepare for those events.

PREPARE in what manner?

"Depending upon such societal factors as population pressure to cultivate climatically marginal land and the capacity of the community to provide alternative uses for labour and capital, there could be significant additional commitment or withdrawal of acreage from cultivation in response to exceptionally good or bad seasonal forecasts. There could also be significant shifts in kinds of crops planted in relation to forecast minimum or optimum climatic conditions.

"Complete withdrawal of acreage . . . would probably be a tactic limited to those lands originally put under cultivation against long climatic odds, and to those occasions in which forecasts indicate a high probability of lethal weather conditions at critical stages of crop development, such as a prolonged drought beginning at germination time.

"The Northern Canadian wheat periphery, the Russian 'new lands', and the Iceland margins are examples of areas where forecasts of total disaster would not strain credulity and complete withdrawal of acreage might follow.

"The consequences might well differ depending on the capabilities of the nation to utilize its farm population for other activities."

OTHER political responses to the dilemma inherent in seasonal weather forecasting might include "such policies as government-guaranteed, weather-related, credit provisions; farmer education in new husbandry; crop insurance to provide financial reserves for the withdrawal of land; storage schemes to carry over supplies in subsistence agricultural systems."

The mechanisms for socializing weather-dependent enterprise would have to reach far beyond the farmer into public utilities (especially water and water-generated electric power), fuel fabrication and distribution, recreation and tourism, transportation, storage facilities, finance, insurance, marketing services, merchandising and advertising.

NONE of this is going to happen until much more is learned than is now known about the behaviour of Earth's atmosphere. Weather observer satellites will gather new kinds of atmospheric and solar data and can provide an extensive and constant reportage of phenomena that now are observed over relatively restricted areas of the globe. However, for the development of a sufficiently advanced reading of the atmosphere, the information thus collected must be supplemented by and integrated on a world-wide basis with more conventional data now obtained in the lower atmosphere, in the oceans, and near Earth's surface. At the present time there is not even in existence an organization adequate to handle cloud photographs at the rate they were turned out by the first *Tiros* satellite. Although it is recognized that high-speed computers will be needed to tie the global forecasting network together and to digest the incoming data in time to be meaningful, no one has figured out how many computers are required. It is not even known whether the number of highly trained meteorologists demanded by a satellite weather system is greater or less than the number now in being.

In the midst of this abysmal ignorance, the Brookings report calmly notes the possibility that weather forecasting might become a psychological weapon. The report points out that: "if the forecasts should differ between power blocs, a nation's choice of one prediction rather than another might be interpreted as a demonstration of allegiance."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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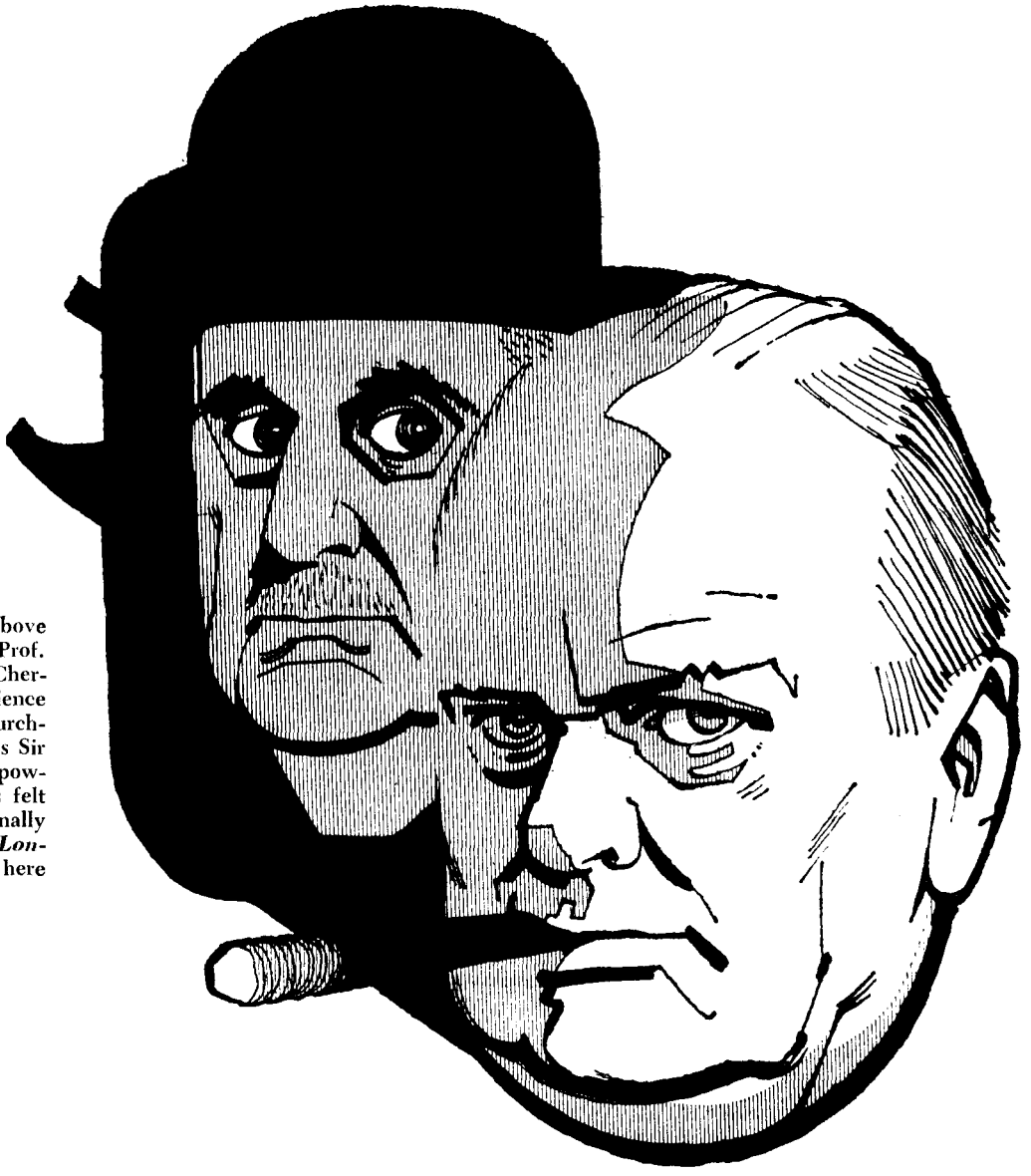
Did a Jealous Scientist Risk England's Fall to Hitler?



C. P. Snow has raised the above question concerning the late Prof. Frederick A. Lindemann (Lord Cherwell), who not only served as science advisor to Prime Minister Churchill but held a privileged place as Sir Winston's intimate friend. The power lodged in their proximity is felt in the sketch at right, originally drawn by Emmwood for the ***London Daily Mail*** and reproduced here by special permission.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHURCHILL'S AIDE

A Rebuttal to the Godkin Lectures by C. P. Snow at Harvard

By SIR ROBERT WATSON-WATT, the Inventor of Radar

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL is a living legend of our great time. Without his wisdom and indomitable courage as Prime Minister of Great Britain, the people of Europe would almost certainly have succumbed to Adolf Hitler's madness.

Yet in the month of April 1961 there will be published, under the distinguished colophon of Harvard University Press, and distributed by the Book of the Month Club, a book which strongly suggests that documents exist to prove that if Churchill had come to power in Britain earlier than he did, Hitler probably would have won the war.

The thesis of this book is that Churchill's impulse for victory would have been thwarted by the pettiness of his own confidential science advisor, the late Oxford physicist, Professor Frederick A. Lindemann, Lord Cherwell.

The Prof, so the book goes, was blindly opposed to radar, the early warning and guidance system that told the Royal Air Force when, where, and in what concentration to expect the Luftwaffe's oncoming bomber fleets.

Without radar, the argument runs—and there is a remarkable unanimity on this point among historians and military strategists alike—the chances of survival of the anti-Fascist crusade would "not have been good."

Now if this book had been written by just anybody, its perverted conclusion could be dismissed with a shrug and a muttered word: "nonsense." Unfortunately, the author of this sensational treatise is my wartime colleague and friend (now Sir Charles) C. P. Snow, the English scientist-turned-novelist

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who is at present very widely accepted as the leading spokesman for science in search of understanding by the non-scientific layman.

I believe myself to be the inventor of radar, and, as such, in a better place than any other living man to judge who helped and who hindered the development of radar. But C. P. Snow did not consult me before drawing up his report of my supposed difficulties; indeed, his book might understandably leave the uninformed reader with the impression that the real father of radar was not myself but the late Sir Henry T. Tizard, and that Professor Lindemann's opposition to radar was due to his jealousy of Tizard.

THROUGH the courtesy of *Saturday Review's* Science Editor John Lear, I have read an advance copy of the Snow book, which is to be titled, "Science and Government." Until the work actually appears, I am not privileged to analyze it publicly in detail. But I have compared its text with already published commentaries on the 1960 series of Godkin Lectures at Harvard, from which the book was derived, and I can with confidence challenge the gist of C. P. Snow's incautious tale.

Several times in one of the Godkin Lectures, "C. P." referred to Professor Lindemann as "the sort of character who makes a novelist's fingers itch." From other things said in the lectures, I suspect that the itch became unbearable and the novelist dug in, involving himself emotionally in the affairs of his subjects, as a novelist must, and arranging the facts accordingly, as a historian mustn't. Perhaps because Tizard's diaries and public papers are the only documentation cited, C. P. Snow molded Sir Henry into the shape and stature of a folk hero. Perhaps because the fictional technique calls for a dragon for the hero to slay, Professor Lindemann took the shape of a suppressed creature, suspicious, vindicative, venomous.

Familiar literary devices were employed in tandem to reduce *The Prof* to ludicrously small dimensions. Much was made of his unorthodox diet of egg whites, cheese and olive oil. It would have been every bit as reasonable, and as vulgar, to deride Tizard's susceptibility to mysterious infections and unexplained fevers. But these were treated as nature's harrassments of a great individual, worthy of compassion. The satirical bite of Tizard's tongue was, C. P. Snow assures us, "misleading;" a similar gift in Lindemann was "malevolent, sadistic." Lindemann and Tizard both enjoyed the exercise of power; this was fitting to Tizard but deplorable in *The Prof*. Several tattered cliches were brought in to accent the antipathy. Lindemann was rich, Tizard a man of more pride than means. Tizard was very British, of the finest British; Lindemann was "quite un-English." (So, of course, was I!) Whereas Tizard's occupancy of responsible station in science was due to his possession of "the best scientific mind that in England has ever applied itself to war," Lindemann's place as personal science advisor to Churchill was merely another mark of "the most successful court politician of the age." As though all this were not sufficiently plain, C. P. Snow finally attached outright labels to his two antagonists: Tizard, "normal"; Lindemann, "abnormal." In truth, both men were, fortunately, abnormal.

One vital ingredient of credibility is lacking from this make-believe story. C. P. Snow does not give us a motive for the fierce discord which those of us who knew them both well were aware existed for years between Lindemann and Tizard. There is a reiterated implication that radar was at the eye of the storm. But I do not see how this could possibly have been true. Indeed, I am rather confident that whatever happened to separate these once devoted friends had happened before the end of the first world war. For when, in the years beginning with 1915, I was working at the Royal Aircraft Establishment (the Wright Field of Great Britain) on the lightning-tracker that ultimately led me to the instantaneous direction finder and towards radar, Tizard sometimes came on visits from the "Air Board" office in London. Yet I do not remember his ever paying a courtesy call upon Lindemann, even though *The Prof's* laboratory was only downstairs and across a little alleyway from my own. If C. P. Snow is to give us fiction in the guise of historical fact, he ought to go all out and tell us when and where his hero and his villain fell out after being such fairly close cronies in Wilhelm Nernst's famous Physical-Chemical Institute in Berlin that the benedict Lindemann stood godfather to one of Tizard's sons.

I am deeply debtor to Lindemann and to Tizard. I got along as well, I think, with the one as with the other. And I am dismayed by my inability to recognize either in the literary fancy costume draped on them by C. P. Snow.

The Lindemann I knew was astonishly unlike the abominable Snow man. His lowly origin ("without social connections," in Snow phraseology) is reflected in the fact that *The Prof* was born while his mother was taking the cure at Baden Baden, that his playroom at home was a large astronomical observatory, and that what little early education he enjoyed was imparted by governesses and tutors. Schooling in Darmstadt followed, and was followed in turn by study in the laboratory of the great and highly selective Nernst in Berlin. Despite these sad handicaps, Lindemann was already in 1915 an intimate friend and travelling companion of Dukes, savants, ordinary scientists and "just people." In this last category was myself, youngest of the five sons of a Scottish artisan, carried through school and university by scholarships and Carnegie Trust grants. When I joined the Branch Meteorological Office at South Farnborough to hunt down thunderstorms that might endanger our fliers, my academic rank was that of assistant to the professor of physics in the small University College of Dundee. But I felt nothing of condescension in Lindemann's manner as he encouraged, advised and urged me in my development of the instantaneous direction finder. He was, I remember, expert in the spinning of fine quartz fibers, and

—*British Info. Svs.*

—*British Info. Svs.*

As dispassionate camera eye saw them: Lindemann (above) and Tizard (below).

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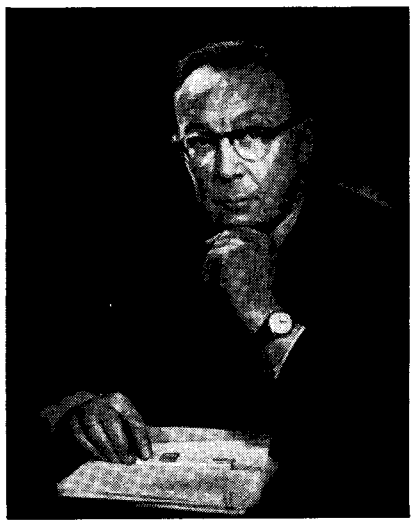
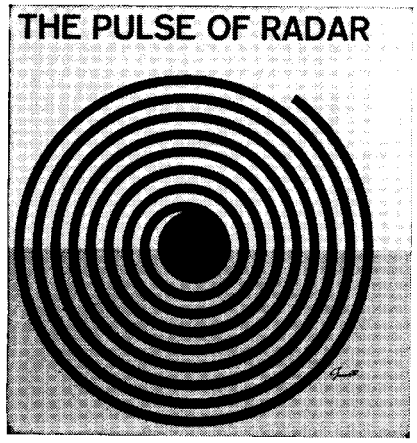


—*Karsh.*

Both men pictured on opposite page encouraged Sir Robert Watson-Watt (above) in development of radar. But Sir Robert, now associated with Sterling Forest Research Center, can't recognize either in radar story told by C. P. Snow. Sir Robert is puzzled by Snow's disregard of facts recited in book authored by Watson-Watt (cover design below).



—*Dial Press.*

he took vast pains to teach me that delicate art.

That my own Scottish sense of humor is suspect in England may have enhanced my enjoyment of his dry wit and satire. If the satire did on occasion include venom, it was well-measured, well-dispensed and salutary venom! He did not suffer fools gladly—and his catalog of fools was less eclectic than most. His creed may have extended so far as to claim—and to claim justly—that "They also serve who only stand and sneer." But his social conversation was amusing, interesting, versatile and stimulating. Albert Einstein would not, I think, have been his close friend during Einstein's period of sanctuary at Christ Church, Oxford, as a "Student" (it was appropriate to Lindemann that his college used this word to denote one who would elsewhere have been a "Fellow") had the two not shared standards of judgment and courtesy. Only a genuinely superior person would have dared to act as *The Prof* did, in fact, act. He made many foolish suggestions for research projects—but, as we shall see, he also made, and followed up, some major suggestions which were of the highest importance to British and American military power alike.

Winston Churchill sought Lindemann's acquaintance immediately after the Armistice of 11 November 1918 and never relinquished it thereafter. With the rise of Hitler in Germany in 1933, their relationship assumed critical value to the English-speaking world. As a member of the House of Commons, the vigorous Winston was firing challenges at the adequacy of the then Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin's use of science in air defense. The ammunition for the barrage was supplied by *The Prof*, who since 1919 had occupied the chair of physics in Oxford University and was lifting Oxford's status in physics well towards the supreme level of the Cambridge of J. J. Thomson, Rutherford and their successors.

I believe that letters which Lindemann wrote to *The Times* of London, coupled with the call that Churchill and Lindemann together paid upon Prime Minister Baldwin at his summer retreat in Aix-les-Bains in September 1934, provided the decisive impetus for the scientific drive that so quickly yielded radar. Not that radar was specifically in *The Prof's* mind at that time. On the contrary, he told me, a long while afterward, that he had considered the possibility of radio detection of aircraft quite early, and had gone so far as to ask one of his aides for calculations on the theoretical possibilities, but had dismissed the idea after the aide had reported negatively. A plane, it was then concluded, (as others would later conclude after radar's secret success) would be too hopelessly small a speck in the vastness of the atmosphere to reflect a recognizable signal!

No, the result of the Churchill-Lindemann campaign was not a scientific device but, in a typically British way, a scientific committee: the Committee for the Scientific Survey of Air Defense. It was officially proposed by Harry Wimperis, Director of Scientific Research in the Air Ministry, who sat as its Air Ministry member. Henry Tizard was in the chair, flanked by one past and one future Nobel prizewinner: A. V. Hill and Patrick Blackett. The secretary was A. P. Rowe, personal scientific assistant to Wimperis.

I had met Wimperis at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1912, and he had become familiar with my activities after my radio research work was transferred from the Meteorological Office (1915-21) to the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research (1921-36). On the strength of this familiarity he telephoned me before the new committee met and asked me to come see him.

"Watson Watt," he said, after greeting me in his office, "I have asked you to come to see me, not in my official capacity nor in yours, but because you are a personal friend in whose judgment and discretion I have complete confidence . . . What do you think of the possibilities of a beam of damaging radiation in defense against air attack?"

I said I didn't think much of death rays, but I would do some algebra and write him a note on it. After a few days I sent him a discouraging memorandum with this encouraging tailpiece: "Meanwhile attention is being paid to the still difficult but less unpromising problem of radio-detection . . ., and numerical considerations on the method of detection by reflected radio waves will be submitted when required."

Wimperis reported my memo to the committee at its initial session on 28 January 1935. His own reaction to my unsolicited suggestion did not unfold in a vacuum. Tizard, as a very senior officer, and then head, of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, was also acquainted with my earlier research in weather physics.

With unofficial alacrity, it was indicated to me that my proferred figures were required at once. A. F. Wilkins (a wise and reticent junior scientist in my team) and I gave a simple numerical solution of the problem of how much energy we could get reflected from an aircraft in conditions which I specified. I wrote a draft memorandum on or about 12 February 1935, and a definitive edition two weeks later. In this [latter] memorandum, Henry Tizard said later to a high tribunal, "The whole development of radar in Great Britain had its origin."

THE contents of my communication were made known to the Tizard Committee at its second meeting on 27 February 1935. Beforehand, Sir Hugh ("Stuffy") Dowding, later responsible for air defence in the Battle of Britain, had made some such comment as "these scientists can demonstrate most anything on paper. I want a real demonstration." Wimperis and Tizard had replied that they had sufficient confidence in my judgment to make a preliminary experiment unnecessary. But on the day before the meeting we gave a rudimentary demonstration which satisfied "Stuffy."

In spite of the fact that the demonstration worked, Sir Hugh still opposed the appropriation of $50,000 from Air Ministry funds for radar—on the grounds

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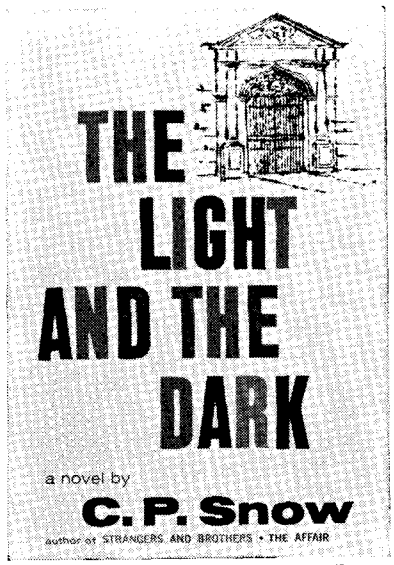
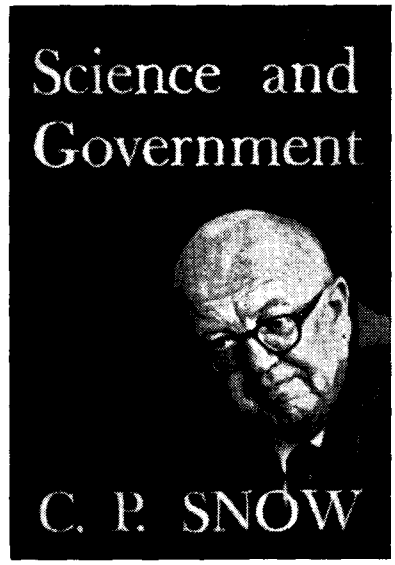
A Science Adventure



—*Scribner's.*



—*Harvard U. Press.*

Readers who enjoy playing detective can hunt parallels in fictional (left, above) and historical (right, above) works by C. P. Snow covering same era.

that a purely defensive device should not be allowed to usurp expenditures that might be required for some offensive weapon that might turn up momentarily. But a Cabinet Committee over-ruled his protest, and voted the first money for what would in time become a multi-million dollar project.

I believe it must be clear to my readers by this time that I could do no less than cherish the unfailing backing I received from Henry Tizard. I shall always respect and admire him. Son of a deputy hydrographer of the British Navy, Westminster School and Magdalen, Oxford, Colonel in the Flying Corps, he proved himself brilliant, imaginative, personally courageous, and a superb administrator of science. But I found it harder to love him. He had a staccato sharpness which was less easy to enjoy than *The Prof's* suave satire. I would not readily opt for a desert island in anyone's company; but if confronted with that prospect I would rather have shared it with Lindemann than with Tizard—though it would have been an honor to be shipwrecked with either!

The possibility of shipwreck comes to me, I suppose, because in the selective accounting C. P. Snow has given to Harvard on Churchill's management of the war, Lindemann persistently tried to run my radar project aground for a year after Prime Minister Baldwin put Churchill on an Air Defense Research Sub-committee of the all-powerful Cabinet Committee on Imperial Defence. Churchill had accepted this appointment with the understanding that *The Prof* would sit on the Tizard Committee. The effective date of both appointments was 8 July 1935.

"Radar was not yet proved to work, but Tizard and the others were certain that it was the only hope," said C. P. Snow in the Godkin Lectures that have since gone into his new book. Well, as the philosophers say, it depends on what you mean by "radar," by "proved," by "to work." Three weeks before *The Prof* took his seat on the Tizard Committee, the committee members had seen the radar echo of a receding target aircraft being followed out to a distance of seventeen miles, despite radio interference due to severe thunderstorms. On 16 July the committee secretary, A. P. Rowe, followed a plane on the screen to a distance of thirty-three miles, and I followed the same plane to forty-three miles. On its return trip this aircraft was detected by me at thirty-eight miles (after having been out of range for ten minutes) and by Rowe at thirty-two miles.

Radar had worked. It was no longer just a hope, no longer just my detailed paper specification. It was a reality. It needed to be perfected, but it existed. Lindemann knew this the moment he gained access to the minutes of the Tizard Committee. He understood what it meant, for, as I noted earlier, he had himself thought of the possibility of aircraft detection and tracking by radio echo methods. How could he now fail to be impressed by radio echoes from seventeen miles, even if he hadn't yet heard of the forty-three miles? After reading my memorandum, how could he have disagreed in silence with the "numerical considerations" which he himself was easily able to work out? I don't believe he did disagree. I was present by invitation at the Tizard Committee meetings while radar was under discussion. *The Prof* knew me well, and we got along well together. He expressed no doubts to me.

Now it is unquestionably true, as C. P. Snow says, that Lindemann's antagonism for Tizard, and Tizard's for Lindemann, grew to such intensity that *The Prof* was forced off the committee by the resignations of Blackett and Hill, who sided with Tizard. And if Tizard's diaries disclose, as C. P. Snow claims they do, that Lindemann objected to the degree of priority the Tizard Committee gave to radar, then I must believe *The Prof* had taken some such position. *The Prof* did possess ideas of his own, including the use of an infra-red detection system and floating aerial mines. He was certainly more valuable as a destructive critic than as a constructive designer. It would have been natural for him to press for consideration for his own devices simultaneously with radar. Since he knew in advance that he would be out-voted three-to-one, he may very well have been vehement in the expression of his opinions. Is it unreasonable to assume that the motivation for some of his questioning might have been the same as that behind "Stuffy" Dowding's original objection to spending too much for radar—the hope that an offensive weapon might turn up?

Radar itself in time became that offensive weapon, and *The Prof* pushed it with all his might. But even before then there was, to my mind, conclusive evidence that Churchill and Lindemann were far from seeking a slowdown of the radar project.

On 12 June 1936 *The Prof* brought me an invitation to have tea with Churchill. Having been a public servant since 1915, and having recently been severely critical of avoidable delays in operation of the Air Ministry machinery, there were policy hazards for me personally in such a meeting. Nevertheless, I went with Lindemann to meet the great Prime Minister of the future. I seem to remember Churchill drinking brandy and Lindemann drinking milk whilst I drank tea. I have recorded elsewhere the range of our discussion and its consequences, but the whole tenor of the talk was unanimity on my condemnation of the slow pace of the Air Ministry in the progress towards an effective radar early-warning system. The sequel to the discussion was a very considerable acceleration in our program. Thanks largely to that tea party, arranged by Lindemann, radar watched Neville Chamberlain go to and from his

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talks with Hitler—talks in which he had been briefed by his military advisors to buy time to complete the radar chain beyond the Thames Estuary group that followed his flights. These stations were on twenty-four-hour watch from that time to VE Day, the whole chain from Portland Bill to Scapa Flow similarly on unbroken watch from Good Friday 1939 till after VE Day.

THERE is a strange hiatus in the story of Lindemann's loves and hates as C. P. Snow tells it. It is almost as though the novelist had turned from writing novels to writing plays, and had given his public a two-act performance. In the first act, *The Prof* is forestalled by Tizard and friends from defeating Britain by killing off radar. In the second act, *The Prof* succeeds, over the protests of Tizard and friends, in forcing the mass bombing of Germany at the expense of shorter ways of winning the war.

What were these shorter paths?

C. P. Snow does not enlighten us. He tells of nothing that his heroes proposed as alternatives to mass bombing. He does not even describe the appropriate setting. The fact is that when Lindemann first proposed mass bombing early in 1942, the only foothold we, the Western allies, had left in Europe was Gibraltar. Neither British nor American military forces were yet adequately trained or equipped to undertake land invasion. Yet the German potential for destruction must not be allowed to continue to build up to the point where it might overwhelm us.

In his determination to limn Professor Lindemann indelibly as a villainous character, C. P. Snow asks whether those who were willing to bomb workers' homes may not in future time be condemned as "wolves with the minds of men." He ignores the prior adoption of savage tactics by the Germans in the razing of Rotterdam on the afternoon of 14 May 1940. And in any case he says "now it came to the point, it was not Lindemann's ruthlessness that worried us most, it was his calculations. . . . Tizard studied the statistics . . . (and) came to the conclusion, quite impregnably, that Lindemann's estimate of the number of houses that could be destroyed was five times too high. . . . Blackett independently . . . came to the conclusion, also quite impregnably, that Lindemann's estimate was six times too high." That crystalline "quite impregnably" is arrant nonsense in any such context. No calculations about operations which were to cover at least eighteen months could be "impregnable" in the light of technological revolutions that had already been achieved and of others not dreamed by Tizard and Blackett but envisioned by Lindemann.

The important question was not the pinpoint accuracy of the figures but the relative value of the whole concept. The answer was simplified by the absence of alternatives. I wonder why C. P. Snow has failed to note the close parallel existing between the circumstances facing the Tizard Committee at its organization meeting in 1935 and the circumstances surrounding Lindemann as the Prime Minister's scientific right hand in 1942? Did he not see that in each instance only one practical recourse was available? Is he not aware that the Tizard Committee's decision to develop radar for defense was in time endorsed by Lindemann's decision further to develop radar for offense in mass bombing?

Deplorable as mass bombing certainly is, its perfection in Lindemann's hands with the aid of radar made possible the more conventional—but who is to say less brutal—completion of the war through occupation of the land mass of Europe. Without radar, the crucial preliminary airdrops of parachute troops in Sicily and Normandy would have been impossible.

Now why did C. P. Snow stray so far into fiction in what is supposed to be serious factual history? What purpose did he seek to serve? He tells us he had three objectives in mind. The first and foremost was to dramatize the inevitable role of scientists in modern statecraft. The second was to warn against the giving over of opportunities for statesmanship to the type of scientific mind that delights in gimmicks and gadgets. The third was to protest the concentration of power in the person of any one scientist.

In C. P. Snow's eyes, Professor Frederick A. Lindemann was a gadgeteer and on top of that an abuser of power.

The facts as I know them, from having lived them, say that although he may have been fascinated by gadgets, *The Prof* performed best as a strategist. He supported radar first in defense strategy and later in strategy of attack.

Abuse of power is a question that must be evaluated by individual experience. Wherever I was concerned, Lindemann used his power to help the research I believed was important. Others whose work was neglected because of the priority given to mine may very well feel otherwise. I do not know how this particular dilemma can be avoided. It seems to me that there must always be someone at the top to make swift and final decisions when necessary. We must risk the gambles he takes. We will hold the losses from his bad guesses down if we encourage fine minds, in all intellectual pursuits, to study science as a social force and so be prepared to control it as we control the other forces at work in our culture.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LX

A LITERARY OWL WHO DOESN'T GIVE A HOOT

Britain's Knight Bomber: C. P. Snow

SIR Charles Percy Snow's progress through the inner sanctums of Britain's Establishment—that hazy complex of politics, privilege, science, church and law—is notable for its punctuation by the explosion of his literary atom bombs.

This large, bald Englishman has the intellect of a professor; the confidence of a soothsayer; the erudition of a top-fight statesman; the devil-may-care approach of a warm-blooded novelist; and the hardsell technique of a successful businessman.

In truth, he is all these things.

For twenty years (1930 to 1950) C. P. Snow was a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and even his detractors concede that he managed some "pretty respectable work on molecular physics."

With unbounded confidence he stood before the American Association for the Advancement of Science three days after Christmas last, and warned his audience that too many H-bombs were being made, that—"within ten years at most some are going off unless someone moves to avoid this statistical certainty of disaster."

Reducing the humanities to everyday terms, as few can, he has pointed out that we are like people eating comfortably in a warm and cozy restaurant looking out of the windows into the streets while on the pavement passers-by who by chance had different-coloured skins from our own were rather hungry.

As long ago as 1932 he wrote a detective novel called "Death Under Sail." Today he finds it difficult even in his up-to-the-minute treatises concerning science and the arts to treat his characters in less than Agatha Christie or Norman Mailer descriptive. Thus the swashbuckling Sir Charles found Britain's late Sir Henry Tizard "an amiable brilliant man with the

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face of an intelligent and sensible frog." And about his bete noir, F. A. Lindemann (later to be Lord Cherwell), he found "an atmosphere of indefinable malaise," a man with "the inflated passions of a character of Balzac's novels."

Strong stuff which suggests it would be only fair to judge Sir Charles by his own yardstick. Is he frog-like? Or repressed? Suspicious or malevolent? Indeed not.

Physically, he looks like a Wise Old Owl. Beneath, he is a hard-headed Midlands businessman (a director of the giant English Electric Company), who has found more success and enjoyment in promoting the sciences than continuing to research them. And here I say good luck to this prodigious worker. For Sir Charles (born C. P. Snow in Leicester, England in 1905), was not of the fine homes, the great institutions, the powerful—and somewhat shy—entities that are now the target for his searching pen. In the Great American Tradition, he was an ordinary boy who made good. It doesn't happen so often in England.

His grandfather was a thoughtful, high-minded man who ended his career on dizzy heights as foreman of the Leicester Tramway Department. His father was a clerk in a shoe factory. Young Charles had to go after scholarships, in days when they were much more difficult than now to come by, to get a reasonable education.

Charles Percy Snow was an "indifferent" pupil at Alderman Newton's Grammar School in Leicester, one of those red-brick academys that somehow reminded one of Charles Dickens. In the sixth form he specialized in science, and never looked back. He won a scholarship which took him to Leicester University College—whose students took London degrees—where he got a first-class Honours in Chemistry of such brilliance that he was awarded a grant to stay on and research. He took an M.Sc. in physics in 1928 and was awarded a fellowship which enabled him to go up to Cambridge, where he entered Christ's College as a research student. What a fortunate choice of subject!

Later, while the world of science was developing steadily, physics was to "explode" with the coming of fission, followed swiftly by the detonation of the first atom bomb. Here was a mysterious new scientific world, harnessing all kinds of strange and frightening techniques. And when the eruption came no-one was better qualified to explain it, and its consequences, in laymen's terms, than the erudite Sir Charles.

Since then he hasn't lost a trick.

There are few others in the field.

—*Walter Bird.*

. . . the wise old (Snow) owl . . .

So, reaping a modicum of financial success, Sir Charles goes on and on and on about what is likely to happen to us. He varies his theme by tossing out judgments as he progresses about men and matters scientific that have affected our lives. If he had chosen to wait, to have his views printed posthumously, he might be acclaimed by future generations as a great and deep thinker. As it is, he doesn't shy from discussing controversial matters all too fresh in some important minds, which is apt to make them angry.

OFTEN Sir Charles is right. I am certain he is sincere. His main usefulness is in the light he directs on the hidden world of science and politics where, as he points out, secret decisions are taken which, in their crudest sense, mean life or death to the rest of us, the outsiders.

He is in a rare position to be able to do it. During World War II, he was appointed administrator of scientific personnel for the Ministry of Labour. That meant he was entrusted with the task of recruiting the best scientists into the right places in the war effort. When his men had troubles, they called to talk them over. Fascinating "inside information" filtered from every level of scientific effort.

Meanwhile, in the worlds of power and politics, he met the right people. He ate at the most revered tables. His talents have taken him into the greatest homes of America and England.

His wartime friendships continued long after the smoke had cleared. His personality added weight to his beliefs and sentiments. Though, today, he has the label of a man who not only knows but tells, he is nevertheless highly regarded by many of Britain's top people.

They gave him a knighthood in 1957.

Yet, he hasn't let his success go to his head.

Two friends of mine—one a distinguished literary critic—were lunching one day at a small restaurant in Greenwich Village, when the critic remarked to his companion: "Who is the greatest writer in the world today? I should say, without hesitation, Sir Charles Snow . . ."

From behind them bumbled a bald-headed, friendly-looking fellow.

"Oh I say," he said, "that's jolly nice of you . . . couldn't help overhearing . . . the name's Snow . . . believe you were talking about me. . . ." And without more ado he dropped easily into the spare seat at my friends' table and led a fascinating discussion on modern literature, novelists and social historians.

No one can say Sir Charles is too proud.

Like so many Englishmen who have come to terms with the century, he believes that our society must seek its moral and physical salvation through its brainpower. Seeing the literary and scientific worlds becoming even more sharply separated, he devotes himself to the task of bringing them together. Which brings me to his industry. . . .

His articles are not confined to the field of literary criticism in the numerous journals to which he contributes (London Sunday Times, Cambridge Library of Modern Science). Oh, dear no. His projected ten-volume series (of which seven books have so far been published) has been called "the most ambitious series of linked novels anyone apart from Proust, Mann, Romains, and Anthony Powell has undertaken in our century." It offers a panoramic view of the history of England from 1914, in terms of "the official world, the corridors of power, the dilemmas of conscience and egotism" which have assumed paramount significance in our world.

Sir Charles decided to take the matrimonial plunge at the somewhat settled age of 45 and has been living happily with Pamela Hansford Johnson since 1950. She's a novelist of considerable stature in her own right, and they have a son, Philip Charles Hansford Snow.

If I have made Sir Charles sound rather dull I must apologize. For he is a jolly personality who takes a schoolboyish delight in his plans for presenting a new politico-scientific humdinger which is going to rattle the Establishment more than somewhat. I remember his eager enthusiasm when he spoke of his intention to turn his Harvard lectures (the subject of another article in this issue) into a book.

"It is much too good a plot to ignore," he chuckled, with the fervour of a novelist who knows what he is about.

—ALAN GARDNER.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

MAGICAL WORDS THAT UNDID A SPELL

A Case History in the Forestalling of Epileptic Seizure

WORDS are conditional stimuli which have come to occupy an extraordinarily important place in the economy of human communication. Words are capable of this remarkable development by virtue of two characteristics. First, they are entirely arbitrary in form; no word is so closely related to its meaning that it can be confidently predicted to have the same meaning in another language. Any word, outside its context, is meaningless and undecipherable, as, for instance, the hieroglyphics of Egypt before the discovery of the Rosetta stone. Second, a word, as an easily reproducible pattern of sound or of line in writing, is instantly available for reproduction. The potential number of occasions of saying any word is limited only by one's lifetime; Tibetans take advantage of this fact by producing ingenious machines for the indefinite replication of prayers through turning a wheel.

The word, instantaneously and indefinitely available, has the function of a magically effective tool. It is as if one could instantaneously evoke a saw, hammer, or axe when it was desired and store it weightlessly and occupying no space until the next occasion for its use. To become master of a collection of such magical tools, it is only necessary to learn a language. Not only can the word itself be reproduced, it can be placed into relation with any of a large number of similarly shaped cues. Through the use of a verbal cue, the "experimental animal" may himself become the "experimenter"; that is, he may come to control himself through the appropriate use of cues previously used by the preceptor. Through the use of a cue, or a conditional stimulus, having an intangible, consensual form, the learner learns to communicate with himself and to control himself.

The complex process by means of which a word assumes "control" of a segment of behavior ordinarily takes place so early in life that it is difficult to observe, A recent report of an extraordinary conditioned suppression of epileptic seizures demonstrates the process. The case has been reported by Efron (1957).

Efron's patient had seizures of a serial form, taking place in several steps in a period of hours. First she noted, as aura, feeling of depersonalization, of being "snatched away," with a tendency to be very active and to notice that smells appeared somewhat different; at the "half-way point" she began to feel more passive, to expect to smell something; then there was a sudden smell; followed by an auditory hallucination; followed by a grand mal seizure. This series of steps was repeated observable by the patient, and unless some preventive measure could be taken was sure to lead to a seizure.

The solution of this problem depended upon the initial discovery that certain unpleasant odors could, if exhibited in time, abort the sequence. At the stage in which she was aware only of the depersonalization, the series was terminable; if she waited until the series had entered the second phase, the seizure was evident in "bizarre fragments"; if she waited until the auditory hallucination was evident, exhibition of the odor was useless.

This seizure pattern can be seen as a spiral action, beginning with an aura and proceeding by gradual recruitment over a period of hours to develop into the widespread random activity characteristic of the grand mal seizure. We see here the natural period of the spiral, beginning with the aura and proceeding to a termination in widespread disorderliness in nervous system activity. In the manner described above, we find early in the series the point at which the course of the sequence can be diverted by the exhibition of a certain odor.

Since the odor which was effective was very powerful and disagreeable, Efron decided to attempt to replace the odor by an innocuous conditional stimulus which would be more easily available and more socially acceptable. The first step in this procedure was to associate the odor with a bracelet which could be carried easily and inconspicuously. After a period of training, it was found that the bracelet could replace the odor; the use of the bracelet at this point was associated with a hallucination of the odor and the termination of the sequence. With further training, it was found possible to condense the series still further; the same suppressive effect could be evoked by thinning of the bracelet instead of by looking at the bracelet. With this development, the remedy became implicit, and the patient was able to control her seizures without external aids, an almost "magical" result. The thought "bracelet" implies a chain (sight-feel of bracelet-smell of odor) and acts as a whole.

In the sequence described here the form of the cue changes progressively with learning. Originally the cue is a powerful odor, then it is changed by association with a bracelet, initially with a hallucination of the odor. With further learning, the relation of the bracelet to the process becomes more remote, and eventually the idea of the bracelet associated with the word comes to have the full physiological effect. The development is in the direction of an increasing abstractness. The sequential stages in increasing abstraction have been previously discussed; the odor, the original agent, is replaced by a portion of itself as a "sign," the hallucinated odor associated with the bracelet. As the relationship grows more remote, the odor comes to be represented concretely in the bracelet as a concrete symbol having only the learned association. The final step is the replacement of the concrete symbol by an abstract symbol or verbal sign, the word connected with the idea of the bracelet. The enormous advantage man has over animals can be traced to the invention of this entirely portable tool, the abstract symbol.

—HARLEY C. SHANDS, *M.D. in "Thinking and Psychotherapy"; © 1960 by the Commonwealth Fund, published by Harvard University Press* ($5.75)

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

IT'S ALL IN OUR HEADS

I WAS DELIGHTED to see, on the cover of the December 10 issue of *Saturday Review*, the top headline devoted to "Peace: Science's Next Great Exploration." Unfortunately, the contents of the issue failed to fulfill the promise of this headline. . . . The glaring gap is lack of any mention of the sciences of human behavior; psychology, sociology, anthropology.

While it must be granted that the sciences of human behavior are retarded as compared with the older and methodologically superior sciences of physics and chemistry, some work has been done on the problem of peace. I was chairman, from 1937 to 1941, of a committee set up by the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues, to collect and evaluate knowledge in this field. Dr. Roger W. Russell, now chairman of the Department of Psychology at Indiana University, has until recently been chairman of a committee set up by the American Psychological Association for a similar purpose. The University of Michigan has a Center for Research on Conflict Resolution, with participation by psychologists, sociologists, economists and others.

I should like to submit this proposition: the sum of $100,000,000 spent on research relating to the psychological problems of international relations would move us toward arms control and a relative state of peace far more rapidly than $1,000,000,000 spent on gadgets which will not be used if the decision-makers are unwilling to accept them.

ROSS STAGNER,
Chairman
Department of Psychology.
Wayne State U.
Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The main point of the peace report in SR/Research for December 1960 was the necessity to change psychological attitudes. The report specifically said (p. 54) that M.I.T. Prof. Jerome Wiesner urged representation of the social sciences in President-elect John Kennedy's promised peace agency.*

SPACE RESEARCH

I ENJOYED your latest article, "What Does the Earth Look Like Inside?" But in column two, page 35, you give the area of Canada as 3,845,144 square miles. This is not correct. According to the statistical yearbook of the United Nations 1959 the area is given as 9,974,375 square kilometers or 3,851,113 square miles. The statistical abstract of the United States, 1960 gives area as 3,851,809 square miles. The Canada yearbook 1959 also gives this figure. There is a difference of 700 miles but your figure is off considerably more.

FRANK W. FINNEGAN.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DRUGMAKERS' DUTY

WITHOUT UNDULY prolonging the discussion on your fine series of articles about the drug industry, I should like to comment on one omission in Mr. Warren Kiefer's otherwise excellent letter in your issue of September 3, 1960.

Among other things Mr. Kiefer states: "Drug executives are responsible to stockholders who pay their salaries. If in the course of their duties they also serve the public interest as they frequently do, it is to their special and individual credit."

This, it seems to me, overlooks the special place of the drug industry in the life of a nation. The manufacture of chemicals and biologicals, intended for use within the human body in the prevention or treatment of disease, places an onus of responsibility on the drug industry which it cannot shirk. It has no right to assume that the profit motive is its only reason for existence. Its subversion of public officials makes it more culpable because its own moral obligations have been overlooked.

DAVID L. RABINOWITZ, M.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

RUBBER STAMP SAYS "NO"

I HAVE READ with great interest your comments on the many questionable advertising practices of the American pharmaceutical industry during the past year. I have long been offended by being showered with "throw-away" mail to the medical profession from these concerns, at bulk rates. In my opinion this is a watseful procedure unworthy of the medical profession. Furthermore, I feel that it contributes unfairly to the deficit of the Post Office.

For the past year, I have made it my practice to refuse to accept all such mail and material, and have returned it stamped "'Return to Sender." Happily, this has resulted in my being dropped from the mailing list of these concerns, after a few inquiring letters.

I have given "Return to Sender" rubber stamps to many of my colleagues in the medical profession, in return for a promise that they use them and encourage others to do likewise.

I hope that in some small way this may help to crush wasteful, unsound and questionable advertising procedures.

ALFRED O. LUDWIG, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

PAYOLA-LA

I AM HEARTILY in favor of your efforts to publicize the misleading and high pressure advertising techniques which some pharmaceutical firms use in bringing their products to the attention of the medical profession. In this context I can certainly applaud your article, "Payola for Physicians: Picture Story with a Moral for Drug Law Makers" [S. R. Feb. 4]. Tie-in sales that offer physicians personal incentives for purchasing a given drug are self-evidently beyond the pale of any reasonable and professionally dignified code of medical ethics. There are, however, two unwarranted implications in this article, which, in my opinion, raise serious questions about its fairness and accuracy.

First, the very tone and format of the article, as well as a direct quotation from an unnamed Harvard doctor, imply that the tie-in sale "represents something new in drug advertising." I wonder where the good doctor has been. For at least the past decade I've been receiving similar kinds of advertisements in my mail from at least a half-dozen medical supply and drug distributing firms. This practice, therefore, shocking though it is, hardly rates exposè treatment, and should obviously not be represented as a new or relatively rare phenomenon.

Second, the author's conclusion that this questionable advertising technique is predicated on the assumption by "someone in the drug business" that some physicians "would give a patient any drug in return for a free sunlamp" is an unwarranted inference that goes far beyond any reasonable interpretation that might be placed on the practice. Few if any physicians would ever prescribe a drug for a patient, whether he needed it or not, *just* to obtain a free sunlamp; and medical supply companies are neither that cynical nor that ignorant of prevailing medical ethics to assume that an appreciable number of physicians would stoop so low. The only assumption that was made in this instance was that certain practitioners would be willing to accept the free offer in the honest belief that they would find legitimate medical indications for using four vials of estrogens in the course of a year. As a matter of fact, many physicians *do* have occasion to use this amount of this particular drug during a typical year's practice.

The danger in such tie-in sales, of course, is that they can subtly (or unconsciously) influence the physician's professional judgment either in choosing one pharmaceutical product over another or in prescribing a given drug when the indications are only borderline. But this is surely a far cry from the cynical motivations and the sinister ethical image of the physician which the author of the article attributes to certain medical supply houses.

DAVID P. AUSUBEL, M. D.
Urbana, Ill.

I SAW YOUR article, "Payola for Physicians," and am surprised at the manner in which you miss the meat in the coconut. On page 42 you say "It is insulting to the medical profession to assume that any physician would give a patient any drug . . . in return for receiving a free sunlamp kit. . . ." Quite true. "But if someone in the drug business had not made such an assumption, there would have been no justification for the expense of writing and printing and mailing this particular ad." False. Absolutely false.

I have in my office some vials of estrogenic hormone that cost about eighty cents each. Instead of buying the hormone in that way, I could very easily have bought the hormone at greatly increased price from Morton Pharmaceuticals of Memphis and obtained the sun-lamp free. There is nothing more unethical in this than there is in giving away dishes, say, enclosed in a box of cereal: or coupons or trading stamps or other tie-in sales devices. If I were interested in getting a sun-lamp I might well consider doing just

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that: A moments' calculation shows that this is a method of buying a sun lamp for about $12.50 or so rather than the regular price of $13.95.

There is, however, another aspect to the situation. Payments made to drug concerns for drugs are a routine business expense. Perhaps someone could use the gimmick of a tie-in sale to beat the income tax people out of a few dollars.

LEWIS R. LANG, M. D.
Calhoun, Ga.

IN YOUR ARTICLE titled "Payola for Physicians," dealing with the offer of a free sun lamp by a pharmaceutical house, you state: "It is insulting to the medical profession to assume that any physician would give a patient any drug in return for receiving a sunlamp kit . . ." You are very naive, or worse, to assume that this was the intent of the advertising company. Obviously no physician would give a patient any drug he does not need, in this case theelin. But theelin *is* being used by many physicians, and the drug has to be bought somewhere. The pharmaceutical company obviously tried simply to make a sale to those physicians who do use it. The offer of the free lamp has nothing to do with the *use* of the substance—only with the source of supply.

An unwarranted point is also made of the fact that the advertisement did not describe the uses or indications of theelin. It so happens that theelin is a well established medicinal preparation—as familiar to the physician as aspirin is to you—and no discussion of its uses seemed indicated. In fact, the very omission of such a description indicates that the pharmaceutical house did not attempt to promote the use of the drug. It merely tried to have those who use the material buy it from them, which is a far cry from your allegation.

J. E. SCHMIDT, M. D.
MODERN MEDICINE
Charlestown, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR's *Science Editor had supposed that physicians everywhere would resent the implication that any doctor would accept a premium of any kind from a drug house in connection with the administration of medicine. There seemed to him to be a significant difference between that practice and the collection of breakfast food boxtops by prize-hungry boys and girls—the difference being represented in the fact that the boys and girls eat the breakfast food themselves, whereas the doctors administer the drugs to others. It may be that patients are missing an opportunity here. When their doctors suggest a particular medication, they could say, "Does a premium go with this shot, Doctor?" Or if they* ***ask*** *their doctors for the* ***right drugs,*** *maybe the doctors would be willings to pass along the premiums, since the patients are the ones who ultimately pay for the medicine. Sunlamps are not the only premiums now available to doctors. Others include matched sets of nylon luggage and automatic electric can openers. A southern lady reports having seen an offer for some skillets (apparently for the doctors' wives). Premium ads mailed to SR by physicians who don't accept premiums are shown* ►

How Doctors Can Use Patients Like Boxtops

MACPHERSON
PLAID LUGGAGE
3 PIECE SET
DUPONT NYLON
• Thread stitching throughout.
• Sturdily constructed.
• Tapered and formed comfort-grip handles.
• Water-repellent, all weather-proof lining.
• Finest steel polished brass hardware.
• Lock and key on each piece.
• Made in U.S.A. by American craftsmen.
The lightweight luggage of VIPs! At busy international airports, on luxurious ocean liners, on renowned transcontinental trains — there's where you see this smart, streamlined luggage. VIPs, very important people, world travelers, diplomats, famous celebrities, travelers in the know — use and appreciate Macpherson Plaid Luggage. They've made the casual lines and colorful plaids their traveling trade mark. Join the VIPs. Travel with MACPHERSON Plaid Luggage.
COMPACT STORAGE
They nest—conveniently, compactly. Between trips, just slip one inside the other. A whole set of luggage stores in the space needed for just one bag.
We want you to have with our compliments and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE ALL 3 pieces of the SANDY MacPHERSON PLAID LUGGAGE as described above — not just one of the pieces but ALL 3 PIECES — when you purchase only 3 - 10 cc vials THEELIN, as described below, at the price of only $4.98 per vial.
TO ORDER: simply tear out the POSTAGE PAID CARD below, affix your signature and mail TODAY. We shall ship prepaid the complete 3-piece set of SANDY MacPHERSON luggage and 3 - 10 cc Vials of THEELIN for the total price of only $14.94 (less than you would expect to pay for the luggage alone).
TEAR OUT
BUSINESS REPLY CARD
NORTON Pharmaceuticals
LU
FREE
LASKO
Automatic Electric Can Opener
opens cans in seconds easily — safely
Guaranteed 1 year
We want you to have with our compliments and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE the GIFT described above when you purchase only 3—10 cc vials THEELIN, as described below, at the price of only $4.98 per vial.
TO ORDER: Simply tear out the POSTAGE PAID CARD below, affix your signature and mail TODAY. We shall ship prepaid your FREE GIFT and 3—10 cc vials of THEELIN for the total price of only $14.94.
To ORDER, Just Detach, Sign and Mail.
THEELIN
BUSINESS REPLY CARD
NORTON Pharmaceuticals
CO-T

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—*Technology Review.*

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *To places wierd and strange, but enroute through the familiar and the comfortable, too. In the* Old Testament *for instance, there is, in the* Book of Habukkuk, *a reference to "a work which you will not believe though it be told to you." Such a work was Operation Habbakuk (sic) in which little-known British genius Geoffrey Nathaniel Pyke—"The Ozzard of Whizz"—proposed the use of man-made icebergs to invade Italy and Japan during World War II. Operation Habbakuk was never put into action. The theories behind it still live, however, in work at the Ice Research Laboratory of Massachusetts Institute of Technology headed by Prof. David W. Kingery. In the photo at the left, Professor Kingery is seen holding a small stick of reinforced ice that remains unaffected by the suspended weight of forty pounds. Below Prof. Kingery tells of the vast frontier surrounding this little stick.*

DAVID W. KINGERY
Ice Research Laboratory, MIT

FOR THE past hundred years, man has been engaged in active exploration of the Arctic and Antarctic. This exploration was at first limited by the extent of human endurance and the capabilities of ships, equipment, leaders, and men. As our technology has developed, improved equipment and transportation have been evolved; now aircraft regularly fly over the Arctic and Antarctic on a routine basis. The changing emphasis was evident at two conferences in Boston during early December. One, sponsored by the U. S. Air Force Terrestrial Sciences Laboratory, was mainly concerned with Arctic geology and geophysics. A second, sponsored by the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps, was more concerned with man in the Arctic environment. In both, it was made clear that the exploration phase of Arctic effort has been displaced by scientific and technological problems.

While the exploration of the Arctic and Antarctic has been extended in recent years by international contributions under the IGY program, utilization of polar regions is almost negligible. Aside from a few isolated military installations in the Arctic and the politically expedient scientific activities in the Antarctic, development of these regions has been slight. This is important because (along with the oceans) these areas remain as the last great terrestrial regions to be exploited. Many of us feel that the exploitation of our oceans and Arctic regions here on earth is going to be of tremendously greater usefulness to mankind than the more spectacular excursions into outer space.

One particular aspect of Arctic studies is the development of applied glaciology—the utilization of ice and snow for Arctic operations. In the past, most glaciological and Arctic research has been observation, exploration, and mapping. Recently, physicists and other quantitative scientists have been successful in explaining and systematizing many observations of natural phenomena. At the same time, efforts are underway to apply this quantitative understanding for useful technological developments.

Utilization of ice and snow is essentially no different in concept or required scientific understanding than is the scientific and technological use of other materials such as metals, ceramics, and plastics. Studies in these other areas are now being integrated at several universities, since the properties and processing of metals is not different in essential characteristics from processing and properties of ceramics or plastics. In the same sense that knowledge about metals can be extended to include materials heretofore thought of as ceramics, the mechanical properties of ice are seen to be characteristic of high temperature material, for ice is used at temperatures not far from its melting point. Its strength is low and it tends to deform like cool butter.

The most effective method of alloying ice to obtain high strength products has been to add Fiberglas in a way parallel to the strengthening of Fiberglas-reinforced plastics. It has been found that addition of as little as four per cent per volume of Fiberglas to ice increases the strength of the ice by ten times or more. Initial experiments were carried out in a small home refrigerator, freezing mixtures in an icetray (somewhat to our housekeeper's discomfort, but demonstrating that elaborate experimental apparatus is not always essential). Subsequent experiments have confirmed the effectiveness of Fiberglas as a reinforcing additive both in laboratory tests and for 100 square foot test areas. Field experiments planned for the spring of 1961 envisage test areas of about an acre.

For successful compaction of snow, scientific principles must be utilized which extend back to the time of Michael Faraday. During the period 1850-1860, Faraday (better known for his work on electricity and magnetism) and Lord Kelvin (after whom the absolute temperature scale is named) published extensive discussions on the mechanism by which ice particles adhere.

One of the interesting aspects of ice science which has not been scientifically resolved nor technically utilized, but which can be studied with simple equipment, is the lubricating effect of an alcoholic solution between ice grains. The sticking together of ice cubes in ice water, called regelation, is related to surface energy characteristics of the ice-water system. Regelation does not occur in the presence of a small amount of alcohol. While this phenomena is only now being studied experimentally with pure alcohol, it is readily observed that individual ice cubes float freely, not adhering, in a mixture of bourbon and water. The phenomena is related to surface energy changes induced by the alcohol, but the underlying reason for these unusual changes has not been elucidated.

Another area of ice processing which is of particular importance in the Arctic, where large supplies of salt water are available in the Arctic Ocean, is solidification phenomena. Natural ice islands are sixty to a hundred feet thick, and have provided stable platforms for scientific experiments for several years. Application of our understanding of their formation and growth for the purpose of building artificial ice platforms has been circuitous. First developments of solidification theories were made seventy years ago, then developed in detail and applied to metallurgical problems. Only recently have they been reconsidered with regard to sea ice. Their analysis shows not only that large structures can be built with current techniques but indicates optimum methods.

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Travel

Continued from page 36

relation to the forward pitching practiced up north. Supposedly Americans were taught their strange samba by Carmen Miranda, for so many years a bridge between the Americas. Up in the balcony other North Americans didn't dance at all. They were passengers from the cruise ship *Brazil* and, done up in evening gowns and white jackets with identifying green ribbons pinned on their lapels, they were as antiseptically removed from the proceedings up there, in what we used to call Seventh Heaven, as if there had been a wall of glass between them and the indefatigable revelers on the floor below.

It was nearly three when the bands paused and a master of ceremonies sent the entrants one by one across a catwalk that had been flung across the top of the theatre. Isabel appeared again. Then a white-wigged fop from a bygone court. He sniffed snuff and the crowd hooted. For a Santa Claus followed by seven walking Christmas trees in high red stockings there was great applause. Up in a box Billy Rose, the Bantam Barnum, looked glum. Alongside him sat Broadway columnists Earl Wilson and Louis Sobol. Quipped an American looking at the dour boxful sitting above the performing crowd: "It looks as if one of them is about to lift his arm and turn down his thumb."

AND still they came the next day, in spite of the three days that had gone before and in spite of a heavy rain. Under the governor's clothesline rolled the illuminated floats of the street parade. Fireworks exploded in the sky. One skyscraper cooperated by displaying colored bulbs in every window. Inside the swank Jockey Club the guests hardly bothered to edge over to the balconies for a look down at the street parade rolling under the windows. They were too busy stomping out the samba, too busy spilling confetti, too busy blowing whistles, too busy shouting pronouncements to the moon, too busy sniffing the perfumed ether, too busy dancing on the tables and on the shoulders of their escorts. It was wild and it was endless, but for some it wasn't even enough. "We are going over to Au Bon Gourmet," a French actress shouted in my ear. "It is said to be more *droll*."

The next morning dawned still and quiet. It was Ash Wednesday and at last the party was done. By noon the magazines were on the street with picture layouts of what had gone on across the country for the four days before. There were pictures of the winners, the lovers, the clinchers, and those who had gotten arrested. *O Globo* gave a corner of its front page to the death of Lumumba, and it had a one-column cut of new President Janio Quadros, but it carried seven front-page pictures of carnival. *Ultima Hora* had top-of-the-page streamers about Lumumba and a Russian space project, but underneath it carried seven pictures, too, of carnival and carnival guests, who inclued Jean Pierre Aumont, his wife Marisa Pavan, French star Dominque Wilms, and Israeli star Dahlia Lavi, reputed to be the new Bardot.

THERE was nothing left to do on that silent Wednesday but pick up the pieces, repair the hangovers, buy the papers, and wonder how it had all begun. Some credit carnival's beginnings to pagan Rome, but there is another school that claims the Portuguese imported it from India. In Brazil it found a home, nourished by African rhythms and the African taste for color and costume. On the coffee and sugar plantations the slaves' carnival was separate, but the masks afforded the low classes a feeling of equality. In carnival every man feels happy and rich, and sometimes wanton. Many is the Brazilian child born in November, nine months after carnival. But despite the excesses a popular government must give its full support to carnival. As for the people, they can be counted on to give their all.

No drums floated up from the street alongside the Copacabana Palace that day, and in a way we missed them. The streets were dark and quiet as we rolled through them on the way to the airport. There were no costumed *Cariocas* boarding the streetcars, and the confetti and the streamers had already disappeared. The lights were out on the Rio Branco and I couldn't see whether the governor's clothesline still fluttered. On board Varig's big Boeing, heading for New York, the stewards were up and down the aisle with champagne but the crowd was limp. A two-foot cold snook *en gelée* with a line of truffles on its ridgeline came rolling past the seats. It was an imposing idea for a midnight snack, but it drew scattered applause. The cabin crew passed out the masks and soon even the Brazilians ended their conversations and fell asleep in the stretch-out seats. We rolled into Idlewild nine hours later without a stop or a bump and I went home with my carnival records under my arm, clutching them as the last tangible vestige of an evaporating memory. An indigo melancholia was settling over me and I couldn't help but wonder how everyone was holding up back in Rio. —HORACE SUTTON.

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(Continued from page 59)

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ESTABLISHED AUTHOR-PLAYWRIGHT SEEKS French-English secretary for permanent position. High salary. Top skills essential. Must be free to travel USA and abroad. Write, giving fullest possible information, experience, and background. Box R-749.

CHALLENGE for creative social worker to direct group discussions in ten-year demonstration project (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) offering coordinated services to selected multi-problem families receiving ADC. Two years experience and MSW required. $6,000-$6,600 starting. Box R-707.

SECRETARY WANTED by Jewish Foundation. College background, good steno and typing essential. Midtown location NYC. Starting salary to $90. State availability. Box R-752.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

RETIREMENT HOME or ski lodge, Manchester, Vermont. View, near golf, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, raftered living room. $25,000. Low tax, big mortgage available. Box R-688.

LAKE COTTAGE, 2 bedrooms, bath, picture window, secluded, frontage. $8,500. RHEINSTROM, Hillsdale, New York.

A GEM! Beautifully restored 1756 Cape Cod cottage *in the Berkshires. Tremendous chimney, 3 fireplaces,* original paneling, modern kitchen, bath, garage. 35 acres. $19,500. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

IN LARCHMONT MANOR, New York. 3 bedroom Colonial. Ideal for small family liking the sound. Modernized. Many extras. Write for precis. $24,500 for quick sale. Box R-462.

HISTORIC VERMONT MANSION. Marsh House, tree-shaded avenue, Brandon. 1850 Roman Revival, 11 bedrooms, 5½ baths, carefully modernized, magnificent Queen Anne ballroom, gardens, tennis, pond, meadows. Pictured "Old Vermont Houses," Congdon. $44,450. Box R-699.

INLAND WATERWAY HOME. Ocean view, 5 acres, no snow, live oaks, camellias. 2 bedrooms, 2½ baths, 3 brick terraces, large screened porch, heat *and air-conditioning.* Box R-693.

OLD VERMONT HOME, restored, near Maple Corner, peaceful lakes. $20,000. Box R-742.

For Rent—Furnished

NEAR PORTOFINO—15 room villa, Mediterranean view, large garden, $350 season, $150 month. Box R-734.

MOUNTAINS—MEXICAN HACIENDA SETTING—Large studio, terraces, 2 bedroom house (fully furnished), cook, gardener. May through June . . . Kessler, Taxco, Mexico.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. Charming Colonial house, edge of town (Langhorne), Country Club fairway view. One hour train NYC. Large living *room, fireplace, 2½ bedrooms, automatic washer,* dryer. Large hedged lot. Suitable couple or two women—artists, writers, easetakers. Owner's job now NYC. Terms open, don't want sell. Available anytime. Box R-744.

For Summer Rental

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT. Comfortable, furnished home—4 bedrooms, 2 baths, screened porch, dishwasher, washing machine, dryer, children's playhouse. Convenient NYC commuting. One mile beach. July-August, $1,200. Box R-680.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT—Cottage near golf. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Lovely view. Raftered living room, terrace. $1,200 season. Box R-689.

SUMMER RETREAT. Charming farmhouse, mountain road above town, southern New Hampshire. Acreage, brook, spectacular view. 3 bedrooms, running water. $200 any month. Box R-673.

LARGE, COOL, quiet, modernized home, June 15th through September 1st. Water skiing, music festivals. *Asking* $650. 64 *Bates Street, Northampton, Mas*sachusetts.

MAINE ISLAND—Private, 45 acres, charming, completely furnished house, fireplace, modern conveniences, separate guest cabin, thirty foot cruiser with shipshore radio. May-October $3,000. References. Box R-711.

ON HILLSIDE overlooking lake, private beach, tennis court, large living room, fireplace, 5 bedrooms, sleeping porch, 1½ baths. All conveniences. 17 minutes Worcester, 55 minutes Boston. $1,200 the season. Brief, Sutton, Massachusetts.

GRAFTON, VERMONT. Remodeled farmhouse, 42 acres, 7 rooms, sleeps 8. Summers $200 monthly. Box R-738.

CAPE COD summer cottage on Wild Harbor. Ideal sailing, swimming, fishing. Private beach on property. 2-story living room with fireplace and balcony bedroom, 2 bedrooms in ell. Sheltered terrace overlooks harbor and beautiful Wild River. Sundeck commands view of entire Buzzards Bay. All con*veniences. $1,200 season.* Box R-739.

VERMONT. Owner's comfortable, fully modernized home overlooking Champlain valley. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Large, sunny living room. Lounge. Modern kitchen. 3 fireplaces. Oil heat. Swimming, golf. Magnificent views. Quiet. Moderate. July 4th-Labor Day. Box R-745.

(Continued on page 62)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 61)

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTH OF BRAZILIA at 4,000 feet lies our Shangri-La, and perhaps yours. A new creative center is being established here by a non-profit organization. Remote but quite accessible. Minimum investment $6,000. Write Mr. McCarthy, Centrum, 674 Crenshaw, Los Angeles 5.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

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CAMPS

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ENGLISH, READING, MATH Summer School, 28 boys, 9-15, 7 week session, 4 hours tutoring daily. Instruction in sailing, swimming, tennis. 6 experienced teachers. 5 staff. Location: 60 acre island, Cape Cod. Allen Chase, 9 Harrison Avenue, New Canaan, Connecticut.

WYNAKEE—Dorset, Vermont. Coed 5-14. Creative Folk Arts-Crafts. Indian lore. Trips. Morgan horses. Sports. Special care younger campers. Ideal facilities. Mr. and Mrs. Kuhrt S. Wieneke, Dorset, Vermont.

CAMP BIOTA. Ideal summer FUN AND KNOWLEDGE for adventurous boys, 9-14. Natural Science for gifted. Private lake. 366 acres. Survival techniques, creative indigenous crafts, canoe trips. Fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. Excellent staff. Phone: Nashville, Tennessee, ALpine 4-7226. Write: Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee.

VACATIONS

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

TENNIS: For the devotee, on sun-drenched FLORIDA KEYS. Oceanfront living facilities nearby. ISLAMORADA: Telephone MAtecumbe 4914. Hawthorne Bissell.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.60 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

THE CIVILIZED PLACE in Miami Beach is the Venetian Isle Resort Motel, 20 Venetian Way, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 8-7261.

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CLOSED UNTIL JUNE 25th. Busy mailing out color folders and newsletters. Send us your address: LOOKOUT HOTEL, Ogunquit #2, Maine.

OFF-THE-BEATEN-TRACK nearby resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

VACATIONS

HISTORIC VACATION? Trade attractive house near Washington, D.C. your California beach house. July. Box R-701.

TRYON, NORTH CAROLINA, in the Thermal Belt. American Plan Inn. Excellent food. Beautiful mountain view. Luxurious home atmosphere. Keil's Mountain Inn, Box 67.

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TRAVEL

SOUTHERN EUROPE June 16th-July 13th, $955. Same tour plus FRENCH COURSE in Switzerland; teenagers; 66 days $1,285. Marti School, 5885 Munger, Dayton 49, Ohio.

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TRAVEL

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CROW'S NEST TOUR 1961—46 days in Europe by private automobile. $1,438 all expense July 15th to August 31st via Sabena Airlines Jet Service. Unusual itinerary features off the beaten track travel—Holland, Belgium, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy, Switzerland, France, England. Contact Donald Hart, Jr., Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, 242 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Connecticut. Phone CHapel 6-7221.

GOING TO EUROPE this summer with a campus charter flight? Meet us in Venice for Mediterranean Student Tours, sailing to Greek Islands, Rhodes, Cyprus, and Israel. Folk dancing, tours, seminars, life on a kibbutz. 28 days, $395 and up. Also tours to Balkan and Near East countries. ROYAL TOURS. Student Department (Division of PATRA INC.), 665 Fifth Avenue, NYC, PLaza 1-5540, or ask your travel agent.

FOUR WINDS CRUISES you "Round-The-World" for 56 days, $1,995 up. Paris, Riviera, Middle East, India, Japan and many more. Air-conditioned liners. First-class hotels. Fare includes ALL transportation, ALL land arrangements. 49 departure dates, eastbound from New York or westbound from San Francisco. Write Four Winds Travel, 301 Flatiron Building, New York 10, New York.

DR. SHARTON'S personally conducted TRANSATLANTIC UNIVERSITY TOUR. Teachers have priority. Europe, 11 countries, $987. All expense—all inclusive (all meals). Departure June 29th, six weeks. Excellent air-conditioned luxury boats. Apply to: Dr. Felix Edward Sharton, Box 499, Fulton, Missouri. Phone: MIdway 2-2108.

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USE YOUR SUMMER VACATION ABROAD to share in lectures and discussions with leaders from many countries. Dr. Peter Manniche, founder and former principal of International People's College, Denmark, offers courses in July, August in Denmark, Norway, Sweden at his new International Institute. Lectures and discussions in English under guidance of nationally recognized leaders in education, political life, other fields, from Europe and United States. Organized excursions. Leaders, teachers, students from many countries will participate. Principal topics: (1) International problems, especially the developing countries. (2) Contribution of Scandinavian folk high schools, cooperatives, social legislation to cultural and economic progress. Cost of tuition, board, excursions: One week $33; three weeks $90. Apply early. U.S. Representative, M. Scattergood, 4607 Chain Bridge Road, McLean, Virginia.

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SOUTH AFRICA'S great game reserves offer the finest "hunting" for camera enthusiasts. White rhino, kudus, elephants, hyenas, antelopes, zebras, lions and leopards prove exciting subjects for the professional and amateur alike. 20 game reserves in all areas of the Union offer varied, inexpensive tours with comfortable accommodations. Write: SATOUR, Dept. S, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, for free literature.

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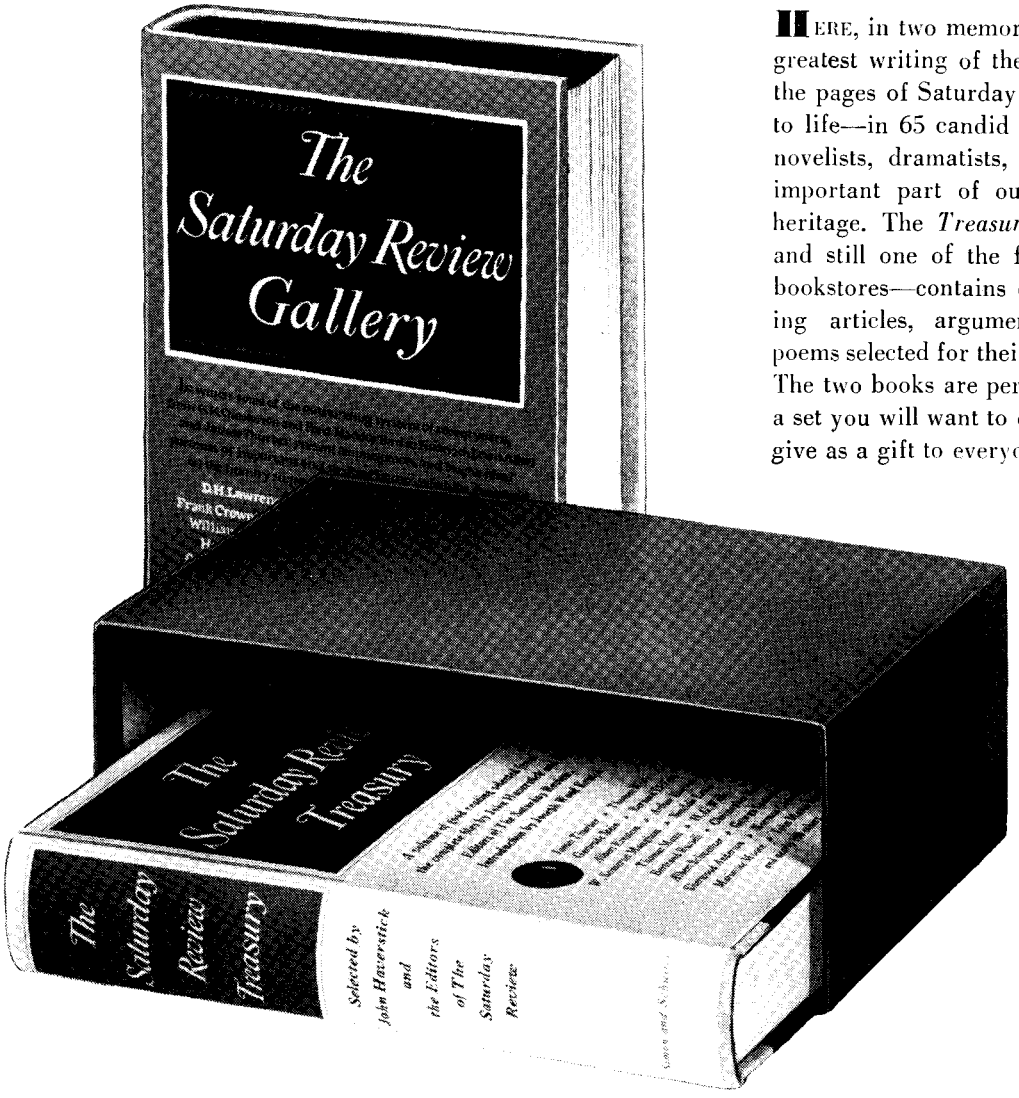
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Therapy can hurt, but she's game. Determined not to stay a cripple. Therapy also costs—more than any child can pay. But people have got to help people, and she's got the guts if you've got the cash. Put your money where your heart is. Fight with her—against crippling. Give to Easter Seals.

Easter Seals are easy to get and fun for your children to use at Eastertime. We have your name; we'll send your seals early in March. You can return your contribution in the self-addressed envelope that accompanies them. (If we should miss you in our Easter Seal appeal, please call us. We're listed under "Easter Seal Society" in most metropolitan phone books. Otherwise, write to "Crippled Children", care of your local post office.)

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, through its many clinics and centers, to help people fight against these disorders—crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others.

"Fight with them—against crippling"

THE EASTER SEAL FUND APPEAL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1406

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Founder of great Amer. theatrical "Royal Family", born in Ireland (1827-1862; 2 wds.).	105 25 58 72 56 6 84 128
B. English novelist, Dame of the Empire (1881-1958).	60 155 120 138 164 121 18 43
C. What "got mixed with the rudder sometimes" in "The Hunting of the Snark".	10 66 111 147 112 85 139 108
D. One thing, Swift tells us, which satire never is by any, "when leveled at all."	32 12 175 136 55 82 80 51
E. A food which sounds like the name of the girl friend of Popeye the Sailor Man (2 wds.).	110 173 8 45 159 114 167 42
F. Successful Amer. actor, born in Indiana (1869-1942).	17 83 52 153 69 160 44 166 93
G. French portraitist summoned by Peter the Great to paint members of his court.	40 54 145 1 48 15 171
H. Utter small, tremulous, intermitted sounds.	57 131 170 24 151 74 99
I. Of the greatest weight.	109 117 34 127 77 89 11 156
J. Mother Goddess of Welsh mythology.	35 116 141 161 22 134 143 168

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Completely.	103 38 53 113 46 23 2 142
L. To be situated lower than.	144 165 104 59 75 137 119 7
M. How Poe characterized the "fidelity of mere Man."	157 102 107 19 146 30 78 162
N. Room or building kept for drying purposes, as for pottery, salt, etc.	132 9 118 20 91 106 100 39
O. Figuratively, covered with untidily thick hair.	101 88 148 73 172 154 3 97
P. As yet.	135 71 87 28 86 92 49 5
Q. What falls fast in the familiar hymn "Abide With Me."	50 14 65 123 41 70 81 33
R. Frolicsome.	130 67 163 13 27 150 76 98
S. Epicanthuses (2 wds.).	174 152 36 124 61 68 16 47
T. The foppish, traveled young man of 200 years ago.	4 125 169 129 62 158 96 21
U. Outfitted for service or need.	63 37 95 94 115 64 122 140
V. Inventor of first steam engine, 1705, in repairing one of which, Watt developed his sixty years later.	126 133 79 149 31 90 29 26

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 G	2 K	3 O		4 T	5 P	6 A	7 L		8 E		9 N	10 C	11 I
12 D	13 R	14 Q	15 G	16 S		17 F	18 B	19 M	20 N	21 T	22 J	23 K	24 H	25 A	26 V	
27 R	28 P	29 V		30 M	31 V	32 D	33 Q		34 I	35 J	36 S	37 U	38 K	39 N	40 G	41 Q
42 E	43 B		44 F		45 E	46 K	47 S	48 G	49 P	50 Q	51 D		52 F	53 K		54 G
55 D	56 A		57 H	58 A	59 L		60 B	61 S	62 T	63 U		64 U	65 Q	66 C	67 R	68 S
69 F		70 Q		71 P	72 A	73 O	74 H	75 L	76 R	77 I	78 M	79 V	80 D	81 Q		82 D
83 F	84 A	85 C	86 P		87 P	88 O	89 I		90 V	91 N	92 P	93 F		94 U		95 U
96 T	97 O	98 R	99 H	100 N	101 O	102 M	103 K	104 L		105 A	106 N	107 M	108 C		109 I	110 E
111 C		112 C	113 K	114 E	115 U	116 J	117 I	118 N	119 L	120 B		121 B	122 U	123 Q	124 S	125 T
126 V	127 I		128 A	129 T	130 R		131 H	132 N	133 V	134 J		135 P	136 D		137 L	138 B
139 C	140 U		141 J	142 K		143 J	144 L	145 G		146 M	147 C		148 O		149 V	150 R
151 H	152 S		153 F	154 O	155 B	156 I		157 M	158 T	159 E	160 F		161 J	162 M	163 R	164 B
165 L	166 F		167 E	168 J		169 T	170 H	171 G	172 O	173 E	174 S	175 D				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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Profile of a Cultivated Person

who has fallen into the habit of missing books

CAN IT BE YOU? Just for self-appraisal check those you fully intended to read and failed to through oversight or overbusyness

The self-portrait you have drawn may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read. *There is a simple way to break this bad habit:* membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE • Your only obligation as a member, under the special offer below, *is to buy three books during your first year of membership*, in addition to the three you select now, from at least 200 that will be made available. You may cancel your membership any time after buying three books. Every month the Club's Editorial Board chooses one outstanding work as the Book-of-the-Month. But in addition, the Club makes available other widely discussed books as alternates —a total of at least 200 each year. The list at the right is a good example of the wide range.

YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE • As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it *in advance of its publication*. If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

YOU PAY MUCH LESS • When you do buy the Club Selection, you usually pay less for it than you otherwise would. On the average, the price paid by Club members for Selections is 20% below the publisher's regular retail price. (For example, the members' price for *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, which retails for $10, is only $5.95—a saving in this case of over 40%.)

YOU ALSO EARN BOOK-DIVIDENDS • This unique system is member profit-sharing, similar to what happens in any consumer cooperative. A fixed proportion of what you pay is used to manufacture enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given free to members. *After your third purchase, for every two Club Selections or alternates you buy, you receive, free, a valuable Book-Dividend* averaging more than $7 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $255,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Club members as Book-Dividends.

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- ☐ 186. **HAWAII** *by James A. Michener* (RETAIL PRICE $6.95)
- ☐ 104. **ADVISE AND CONSENT** *by Allen Drury.* (RETAIL PRICE $5.75)
- ☐ 435. **TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD** *by Harper Lee.* (RETAIL PRICE $3.95)
- ☐ 436. **DECISION AT DELPHI** *by Helen MacInnes.* (RETAIL PRICE $4.95)
- ☐ 447. **VANITY FAIR: A Cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s** Illustrated. (RETAIL PRICE $10)
- ☐ 430. **THE CHILD BUYER** *by John Hersey* (RETAIL PRICE $4)
- ☐ 449. **WHO KILLED SOCIETY?** *by Cleveland Amory* Illustrated. (RETAIL PRICE $6.50)
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